

Covent-Garden, A
A
P L E A S A N T
C O M E D Y.

Acted by the Queenes Majesties
Servants.

By T H O M A S N A B B S.



L O N D O N,
Printed by R.O And are to be sold at the signe of the
White-Lyon and *Ball* in Saint P A U L S Church-
yard. 1 6 3 9.

Adv. Bil

Novo-Testamento

The PROLOGUE.

DOe not expect th' abuses of a Place ;
Nor th'ills sprung from a Strumpets painted face
To be exposed. Our Author doth not meane
With suth vile stuffe to clothe his modest Scene.
Nor doth he brand it with a Satyres markes
But makes a Justice wiser then his Clerke.
His Rusticks likewise will pretend to Wit :
So all the Persons which wee counterfeite.
He justifies that 'tis no borrow'd Straine,
From the invention of another's braine.
Nor did he steale the Fancie. 'Tis the same
Hee first intended by the proper Name.
'Twas not a toyle of yeares : few weekes brought forth
This rugged Issue, might have beene more worth
If he had lick'd it more. Nor doth he raise
From th' imitation of authenticke Playes
Matter or words to height : nor bundle up
Conceits at Tavernes where the Wits doe sup.
His Muse is solitary, and alone
Doth practise her low speculation.
He hath no faction in a partiall way,
Prepar'd to cry it up, and boast the Play,
Swelling your expectations : hee relies
Meerely upon your ingenuities.

The Matter's weak : how can the Building stand ?
Yes ; if supported by a gracious Hand.

The

THE PERSONS.

DVNGWORTH. *A Country Gentleman.*
RALPH.
DOBSON. } *His Servants.*
Mrs. TONGALL. *A bawdy Gossip.*
THEODORE ARTLOVE. *A compleat Gentleman.*
LITTLEWORD. *A reputed Witt.*
HUGH IERKER. *A wilde Gallant.*
JEFFEREY IERKER. *A lad of the same humour.*
DOROTHY WORTHY. *Daughter to Sir GENERAL.*
SUSAN. *A waiting-woman to the Lady.*
WARRANT. *Clerke to Sir GENEROUS.*
EVGE. *Gentleman Vsher to the Lady.*
Lady WORTHY.
Sir GENEROUS WORTHY.
Young WORTHY. *His Son.*
DASHER. *A complementing Vintener.*
DRAVVER.
CONSTABLE.

The Scene COVENT-GARDEN.

COVENT

Lib. Bib. Nat. Jurd. Edinb.



Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter DVNGVVORTH, RALPH, and
DOBSON, as newly come to Towne by
the right SCENE.

DOBSON.



Ow we are come to *London*, fellow *Ralph*
what shall we doe? or what course will our
Master take with us?

Ralph. Why, *Dobson*; he may doe what
he will, and wee will doe what we list. A
little instruction and practice will make
us wicked enough, I dare warrant thee.

Dobf. I hope we are not to learne that. But all this while
the Plough stands still.

Ralph. Sha, *Dobson*; thy mind's upon nothing but dirt.

Dobf. Indeed heer's store of it, anke deepe.

Dung. What place is this *Ralph*? thou knowst *London*.

Ralph. It should be COVENT-GARDEN; but 'tis
much alter'd since I was here last.

Dungw. A Garden call you it! 'Tis a very barren one.

Dobf. I would I were at home againe, amongst the
Craame-bowles.

B

Ralph

Lib. Bib. Hat. Jurd. Camb.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Ralph. I could be content to have the tother smacke at our *Gillian* the Dayry-Maids sugar-candy——

Dobf. How, fellow *Ralph*! you kisse my Sweet-heart *Gillian*! pronounce it againe, and by the faith of a new made Serving-man, that puts his whole trust in his Livery and the Quarter-dayes, I will kill thee presently, and challenge thee the next Holi-day before the Congregation.

Ralph. Kill me first, and then challenge me! for a kisse or two I may, good *Dobf*; she has lips big enough to serve us both. Prethee lets not fall out and beat one another: these people would but laugh at us for't.

Dobf. Indeed 'tis a jolly company. Dwell they all hereabouts?

Ralph. I scarce thinke they are all of one Parish, neither doe they goe to one Church. They come onely for an evening recreation to see COVENT-GARDEN.

Dobf. Blessings on their hearts for it. 'Tis a goodly place.

Ralph. And a godly one too if iunmour lie not.

Dung. What are all these things with rayles?

Ralph. I thinke mewes for hawkes, or ayrings for genties. Other hawkes are not here in any request.

Dung. Mewes for hawkes, thou wouldest make mee a Buzzard.

Dobf. Dost thinke we shall dwell hereabouts?

Ralph. I hope so: we shall then be nere the Cock-pit, and see a Play now and then.

Dobf. But tell me *Ralph*, are those Players the ragged fellows that were at our house last *Christmas*, that borrowed the red blanket off my bed to make their Major a gowne; and had the great Pot-lid for *Guy* of *Warwicks* Buckler?

Ralph. No, *Dobf*; they are men of credit, whose actions are beheld by every one, and allow'd for the most part with commendations. They make no yearly Progresse with the *Anatomy* of a Sumpter-horse laden with the sweepings of *Long-lane* in a dead Vacation, and purchas'd

at the exchange of their owne whole Wardrobes. They buy not their Ordinary for the Copie of a *Prologue*; nor insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of an admiring *Ningle*, who for his free comming in, is at the expence of a Taverne Supper, and rinses their bawling throats with Canarye.

Dobf. But I would I had stay'd still in the Countrey, now Sports are tollerated, in despite of Justice, *Troublesome's* malicious Authoritie. I had rather see a Morris-dance and a May-pole, then ten Playes: what care I for wit which I understand not?

Ralph. The duller Ass thou.

Dobf. How, Ass to my face! provoke me no more with such foule language, lest I enter and act thy Tragedy.

Ralph. Nay, prethee fellow *Dobson*; if we abuse our selves sometimes, 'twill be the better taken when wee abuse others.

Dung. To morrow Ile have you accoutred in liveries, and put my selfe into a gentile garbe. I am resolv'd to forsake the Countrey profession of mine Auncestors; and meane to turne Gallant. Ile sell some few dirty Acres, and buy a Knighthood: Ile translate my Farme of *Dirt-all* into the Mannor of *No-place*. Would I were acquainted with an honest Scrivener.

Ralph. You wish an impossibility, unlesse the Pillory were more terrible.

Dobson. But doe you meane to sell your Land?

Dung. Yes indeed; I shall be the likelier to goe to heaven when I forsake earth.

Ralph. But 'tis a dangerous way through a Scriveners conscience.

Dung. What dost tell me of danger! 'Tis the Cowards bug-bear; a scar-crow to City gulls, that dare not weare swords for feare of being challeng'd.

Dobf. Nay, my Master is as tall a man of his inches.

Dung. Yes, *Dobson*; thou hast seene me doe something.

COVENT-GARDEN.

But firrah, let it be your charge to finde out a good Inne ;
see Crop eat his meat.

Dobs. Ile warrant Sir , hee'l eat his meate, and 'twere
Good-friday.

Ralph. Had he but eares then, hee might make a very
good Puritan horse.

Dung. Indeed, their best vertue is to heare well.

Ralph. But their doing sometimes, begets a hotter zeale
in the Sister-hood.

Dungw. Ile have a lodging heere. Prethee aske that
Gentlewoman ; shee seems an inhabitant.

The second Scène.

Enter Mrs. TONGALL, by the right Scène.

Ralph. Pray Master, know you hereabouts any conve-
nient Lodgings?

Tong. Many Sir, for convenient persons.

Dungw. Of credit, and unsuspicious.

Tong. It is not in my nnderstanding ; wherefore the
satisfaction I can give you will be doubtfull. I know none
of my neighbours better then my selfe. I have as hand-
some Lodgings as any are in *Covent Garden*: my fore-
roomes have a faire prospect, and my back-roomes a
sweet ayre.

Ralph. Which is not usuall backwards.

Dung. May we see them ?

Tong. If you please to let that Taverne receive you
till I have made them ready, I will returne and give you
notice.

Dung. I'll sup there: shall I intreat your company ?

Tong. I shall be ready to fulfill your desires.

Dobs. And we our bellies : hitherto, we have had but
a hungry journey of it.

Dungwell and Dobsen goe forth by the left Scène.

Tong.

Tong. My friend, pray what's your Masters name?

Ralph. What if it be not in my Commission to tell you?

Tong. My demands are civill and for no hurt. I must know before my house can give him entertainment.

Ralph. But I must not tell you, till I have a mind to it. You may be the agent to an Informer: doe you not correspond with the Sumner and Apparitour, to keepe your selfe off some deserv'd punishment.

Tong. I am a patient bearer.

Ralph. Not unlikely, I have heard there are many such in *Covent-Garden*.

Tong. I meane with your unmanerlinesse.

Ralph. If a downe-right Countrey thing will please you.

Tong. A downe-right! you make me blush.

Ralph. This interest then, and——

Tong. So Sir, the termes are not equall for such familiaritie.

Ralph. Why then you must seeke you a more proportion'd Schoole-master to enter you farther, and teach you my Masters name. The Wine staves, and I want it.

Tong. Good friend stay a little, and tell me thy Masters name.

Ralph. What agen! Fare you well, I have forgot it.

Tong. Nay, prethee friend: my knowledge of it may much concerne his, or (if not) thy good. My daughter *Iunny's* a handsome girle, he that pleaseth me best shall have her.

Ralph. I rather thinke hee shall have her that pleaseth her best, else I shall doubt her for a woman. But how can she concerne our goods? your instance.

Tong. Nay, credit me upon my word, 'tis earnest.

Ralph. A Womans word! 'tis not worth an ounce of feathers. Besides, you may be under covert barne. Have you not a Husband?

Tong. Yes indeede.

Ralph. What's his profession?

Tong. An under-Lawyer, an Attorney.

Ralph. His word may be taken in the terme for a gown-facing or so: but to doe any man good, is worth a double fee, if he performe it. Mistris, if you must know my Masters name, goe to *Carterton* in the Countie of *Sussex*, and there in the Church-Register you shall finde, that *Roger* the sonne of *Rowland Dungworth* of *Dirtall* Farme in the Parish of *Carterton* aforelaid, was baptised—But stay, I'll know first if he be resolved to continue a Christian; 'tis ordinary to change names with religion. Besides, hee means to be a Knight; and *Dungworth* will stink in the delicate nostrils of a Lady: it may make the heraulds give him a mock-coate with three kennell-rakers. Farewell sweet Mistris; and if my Master chance to lie at your house, I should be glad if I might lie over your Daughter.

Tong. Farewell good friend, The Gentleman to lye at my house! very good. I must project a profit out of the accident; a new Gowne, or a Beaver, or some composition with a bond of assurance, when I procure him a good Wife. Perhaps hee shall have my Daughter *Iynny*. Who would thinke this little body of mine were so busie in stirring actions, Master *Theodore Art-love*!

The third Scene.

Enter ART-LOVE by the right Scene.

Artl. Mistrisse *Tongall*, you are delighting your selfe with these new erections.

Tong. Faire erections are pleasing things.

Artl. Indeed they are faire ones, and their uniformity addes much to their beauty.

Tong. How like you the Balconee's? They set off a Ladies person well, when she presents her selfe to the view
of

of gazing passengers. Artificiall fucations are not discern'd at distance.

Artl. Pray which is Sir *Generous Worthie's* house?

Tong. Your desires (I believe) are bent towards his faire Daughter. Let me ayd you: my neighbour-hood hath interest'd me in her acquaintance; I can make way; and truly Mr. *Art-love* I like you so well, that (were she worthy) you should have my daughter *Lynnye*: But doe you love Mistris *Dorothy*?

Artl. I have seene her beauty, and her nimble eyes Have shot a fire into me, that inflames My cold desires. I that have resisted Th' assaults of passion to a perfect conquest; And call'd it (justly too) the height of folly To give that wanton Power the attribute Of a false Deity: I, that have out-gone Th' example of *Zenocrates*, am captiv'd; But by a Beauty, such as would review Heat in the frozen bosome of an *Anchorite*, Who hath spent his age even to decrepitness In such austerities as would mortifie The strongest pamp'rd wantonnesse. I cover A good successe, but faile in't. Never yet Could I be blest with opportunity To shew her my desires, and to try The fortune of perswasion.

Tong. And would you not use me! hath so long practise in match-making made me politicke to contrive, and my conversation with your selfe and the rest of the Wits made me complementall, and doe you thinke I cannot facilitate your entrance to Mistris *Dorothy*?

Artl. Should I be fortunate in my attempts To win her liking; should my person please her, Or that annexion to my better part Of education, yet the disparity Betwixt our states, checks me from hoping

That

That the designe can prosper. The lighter fire
Nere mixeth with the earth, but to confusion:
Or from their severall natures bringing forth
Events prodigious.

Tong. Why, you are an Heyre to a thousand pound a
yeare. An officious lye may be dispens't with,

Artl. But simple honesty
Clad in the naked livery of truth
Is a most glorious vertue, that preserves
White innocence unstain'd with falshood.
Good meanes as well as good intention
Must make an act good.

Tong. If you have such a tender conscience, so religi-
ously scrupulous, you'll never be a Politician.

Artl. Let those that study mischief
To satisfie their sensualties
Practise such wickednesse. I'de not abuse
A noble goodnes to possesse the *Indies*.

Tong. But heere's one will, and I must ayd him int.
Mr. Littleword.

The fourth Scene.

Enter LITTLEWORD, JERKER and JEFFERY,
by the right Scene.

Jerk. Friend *Art-love*, the good fortune of a petticoat
light upon thee, in the name of Venerie what mak'st thou
here? art' in quest of a smock-bedfellow.

Artl. Thy old humour, little friend.

Jerker. Prethee salute this little gentleman my Cousin:
he hath more age and wit then his small proportion doth
premise.

Artl. I shall be ready to serve him.

Jeffer. Your acquaintance will adde much to my hap-
pinesse.

Jerk.

Jerk. He hath gotten leave of his Vncle to live here in my tuition. Hee thrive's well in his conceit, a right *Jerk*; he begins to love a wench already.

Art. Thy instruction and example will soone enable him that way.

Jeffer. Is not that a wench Cousin?

Jerk. Try Col. and satisfie your selfe.

Jeffer. Mr *Little-word*, if your salute be ended, pray resigne. Nay, Mistris, I can kisse you without the helpe of a joyn'd steele: please you to walke, and let my hand support you.

Tong. Whither pray you little sir?

Jeffer. To the next vaulting-schoole.

Tong. Alas, you cannot get up without a stirrop.

Jeffer. Yes, and ride too without falling: please you to trye my activenesse.

Art. Prethee recall thy wonted goodnesse home, And with a vertuous scorne shake off this habit Of loose desires; it hath infection in it.

Jerk. Nothing comes from thee but documents. I sweare I should love thee much better if thou hadst lesse vertue. I prethee leave thy *Stoicisme*, and become an Epicure with me. My little Col. here shall prove with undeniable arguments that drinking and wenching are the only vertues in a gentleman of the last edition: to be excellent at them is a master-piece of education. Besides, they are the only *acimens* of wit.

Art. Yes, to disease it.

Jerk. Take heed thy judgement be not brought in question. Why disease d wits are

Jeffer. Better play at small game then sit out. A young gamester may throw in and in.

Tong. Very seldome with three dice. Can your littlenesse cogge?

Jeffer. Faire play is a gamesters glory. I love to shake the boxe well, and then let them run their length.

Artl. Yes, I confesse it; where there is an union
Of loving hearts, the joy exceed's expression.
That love is vertuous whose desires doe never
End in their satisfaction, but increase
Towards the object. When a beautilous frame
Garnish't with all the lustre of perfection
Invite's the eye, and tells the searching thoughts
It holds a richer minde, with which my soule
Would rather mixe her faculties.

Ieffr. Iudge not of a man by his outward dimensions:
My shape is not so defective to make you doubt perfor-
mance: let's finde out a convenient place and try.

Tong. Alas little one, you'll lose your selfe: you'll never
hit the way home.

Ierker. 'Tis a blisse above the fain'd *Elysium*
To claipe a dainty waste; to kisse a lip
Melts into *Nectar*; to behold an eye
Shoot amorous fires, that would warme gold Statues
Into a life and motion; play with hayre
Brighter then that was stellified.
And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd
With thousand satisfactions of this kind,
Then follow's th' absolutenesse
Of all delight. But were desire restrain'd
From variation, to one 'twould satiate,
And glut it selfe to loathing.

Ieffr. Please you to drinke a pint or two of wine? there
may be provocation in it.

Tong. Preserve your courtesie child, and your money:
Lent's at hand, and then every street will afford boyes re-
creation.

Ieff. Why how now impudence! do you flout a man?

Ierk. How, a man Cousin!

Ieffr. I want not so much of my full age to bee cal'd
a boy.

Artl. Bnt you must not fall out with the Gentlewoman.

Ieffr.

Jeffer. I desire rather to have fall'n in with her.

Jerk. I would not have you so forward Cousin. You must be sure to deale with sound ware.

Jeffer. What care I? 'tis but the losse of a mans hayre; an excrementall ornament: wit consists not in't. A man may cover his baldnesse with a periwig, and the fashion take's away the suspicion. I hope I came to *London* to learne wit and the fashion.

Tong. Come Mr. *Little-word*.

Artl. Adiew Mistress *Tongall*.

Exeunt Tongall and Little-word, by the right Scene.

Jeffer. I tooke her rather for a Wag-taile.

Artl. What silent Gentleman's that?

Jerk. His Character in his owne language is I and no; yet he speaks well in paper. He is a wit, but somewhat a dull one.

Artl. What serious affaire have they together?

Jerk. There are hidden pollicies in the world. Thou hast a bookish humour; I a wenching one; and why may not his dulnes dreame of some rich match! Mrs. *Tongal's* the onely match-maker in the Towne.

Artl. Those words create a hell of torment in me. Is there no love:

But what's attended by vaine jealousy!

Jerk. Art thou in love?

Artl. Yes, passionately.

My dreamings, wakings, thoughts and actions
Are nothing but desire.

Jerk. I can assoone credit an impossibility. Thou in love! why 'tis more improbable then the projection of draining *Marthland* with a wind-mill. But prethee what is shee?

*The fifth Scène.**Enter DOROTHY SUSAN in the Balcone.*

Art. See where my comforts Sun
Breaks through a clowd. Oh that this unkind distance
Might be contracted into lesser ayre :
I'de then convey my whispers to her cares ;
And teach her understanding what delight
Society hath in it.

Jerk. Sure thou hast not boldnes enough to speake to
her. Thou wouldst blush, and fall into some patheticall
booke discourse, or tell her the story of *Hero* and *Leander*,
to make her tenderesse whine. 'Tis not the way. Get
accesse to her ; and after one mannerly salute, double and
treble thy kisses ; tumble her a little, and if opportunity
serve, offer the rest : Magick hath not a Philter like it.

Ieffr. Is not that a house (Cousin) where the Wen-
ches are ?

Jerk. Yes, questionlesse.

Ieffr. I meane in the sense of —

Dorot. Yonder Gentlemen observe us : let's be gone.

Susan. Not yet (Mistris Dorothy.) Now I have drunke
a cup of Sack, I must be in love with one of them, him
that seemes most worthy of a gentleman.

Dorot. You have fall'n my glove.

Sus. I'll fetch it.

Exeunt from the Balcone.

Art. Blest accident ;

Why doe you stop my hast ? let me embrace it.

Thus with religious worship doe I kisse

What your white hand hath hallow'd. Ha ! shee's gone.

What envious mischief intercepts the meanes,

Of my desired happinesse ! or have mine eyes

Wasted their beames in gazing on the place

Where

Where I first saw her, to imagination
Fancying her figure.

Ieffr. Sure Cousin the gentleman is in love; he talks very madly.

Artl. Where are the powers of my intellect?
Reason and understanding have forsaken
Their proper seates, and left strong passions
To triumph o're this captiv'd *Microcosme*.

Ierk. Now I see thou art mad: but prethee strive to
conceale it; the place is publique.

The sixth Scène.

Enter SUSAN by the middle Scène.

Susan. Pray you Sir, did you take up a Gentlemans
glove?

Artl. It was my happinesse, and 'twould be much in-
creased, if I might kisse the hand that wore it.

Susan. As I am a Gentleman I shall be most carefull
to give your deservings their due commendations.

Artl. May I be bold to enter with you?

Susan. You are a stranger Sir, and it may give occasion
of jealousie. But I am my Ladies Gentleman: I keepe
the key of her secrets, and if you please, her closet shall
conceale you; where you may dispose of Suckets and
Eringoe's for your refreshment. I pray Sir, call not a gen-
tlemans freeness immodesty.

Artl. My behaviour shall deserve your good opinion.

Susan. Truly Sir, a man could not stand better in the
conceit of a gentleman at first sight, then you doe in mine.
I hope your goodnesse will not misconster my readinesse to
humble my desires to your disposing.

Art. You teach me language which my selfe should use:
But if my gratitude doth seeme to want
Verball expression, I had rather act

Then promise what I owe you.

Jeffer. This is pretty foolery, Cousin.

Susan. Sir, you appeare so repleat with goodnesse, that I presume you cannot but answer the desires of a gentleman, who prostrates her love at the feete of your acceptance.

Artl. Doth she love me? what greater secret Hath Nature in her Workes then sympathie! I doe conceive a thousand fond expressions, Which throng so fast, they choake the passage up, That none can finde an issue.

Jerk. Out of fooles Paradise: thou art in it. But pray you Gentleman protract not his satisfaction with these circumstantiall delays. Whilst Mrs. *Dorothy* and he are busie, you and I will tast the sweet-meats in your Ladies Closet.

Susan. I understand you not.

Jeffer. He meanes you should lie under him.

Susan. Fie little one, that you should so offend the chaste eares of a Gentleman. But to you Sir, the Load-stone of my heart, that turnes it selfe at your motions pointing still to the North of your Love.

Jeffer. Indeed Mistris 'tis a cold corner, pray turne it to the South, and let my needle run in your Diall.

Susan. And since the ardor of my desires have urg'd my blushes to discover them; let not your appearing worth suffer such a disparagement to contemne a Gentlemans willingnesse.

Art. How's this! why friend, did she not seeme to come instructed (by direction) with an embassie As to prepare my love?

Jerk. No, no, she loves thee her selfe. Take her. Me thinks shee's very beautifull; what pinken-eyes; what a sharpe chin! Why her features transcend *Mopsa's* in the *Arcadia*.

Jeffer. Hath she not studied it Cousin, thinke you? and

is transported to a humour of loving every man she sees.

I have known it in the Countrey in an age-decayed waiting-woman.

Artl. I cannot answer her; my heart is bigg
With other thoughts; which till I am deliver'd of,
I suffer torments.

Susan. Vnfortunate Gentleman as I am, to be thus rejected.

Ieffr. Will you resigne your interest? I'll court her folly.

Artl. Take it,
But not t'abuse the others innocence.
Whilst I with sighes draw in th' unwilling ayre
Which she perfum'd at distance.

Ieffr. Pray Gentleman could you love me a little? I'm very sportive.

Susan. Truly young Gentleman, I doe not know what I may doe when you come to your full growth.

Ieffr. Blist my Ladies Gentleman, who taught you to scoffe at a mans person?

Susan. Cry ye mercy little Sir; you may be the father of dwarfes. The sack begins to leave working and by this time my Ladie expects her gentleman. Farewell, unkind Sir.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Ierk. Farewell loving Gentleman. She hath prevented me. Sure friend she came but to mocke thee. 'Twas little lesse then downeright impudence.

Ieffr. Let's to the Taverne Sir, and drowne this passion in a cup of Canary.

Ierk. Come, come; I was ordained to doe thee good. Thou knowst I had a Mistris, whose friends disliking my wildnesse, marryed her to the Father of the Gentlewoman whom thou lov'st (horne be his punishment for it.) She loves me still; and I doe not despaire of making him Cuckold. Wee'l arme our selves with a quart or two, and then I'll bring thee to her.

Artl.

Artl. Ayd me love, wit and fate; that my desires
Burne not themselves without her equall fires.

Ierk. More passions yet ! If thou the marke wouldst hit,
Let Sacke inspire thee: 'tis the Soule of Wit.

Ieffr. Sack that makes Prophets; gives a *Poet* birth:
And then a wench; *Elysium* upon Earth.

Goe forth by the left Scène.

Act. 2. Scæn. I.

*Enter SUSAN and WARRANT, by the
middle SCÈNE.*

SUSAN.

NOW I protest Mr. *Warrant*, you wrong the love of a
Gentleman, in not imparting the cause of your dis-
content. Come not fees in roundly? Doe not the Delin-
quents understand, I'll speake a good word for you?

Warr. You are the onely object of my thoughts. 'Tis
your beauty hath animated my presumptuous weaknes to
expresse how much my desires are yours.

Susan. Alas Mr. *Warrant* how can a poore Gentleman
deserve it?

War. Yes, you have power of my Lady, and she much
acquaintance at Court. A pardon might be got.

Susan. A pardon! blesse me, for what?

Warr. Not for murder; but for killing (yet not a Man)
fairely in the field.

Susan. Are you earnest?

Warr. 'Tis not yet done; onely I am resolv'd to doe it,
were I but sure of my pardon.

Sus. If not a man, what then is it?

Warr. A

Warr. meere superfluous complement of state formality. One of my Ladyes raising. A fellow that hath crosse caper'd himselfe out of a Taylor into a gentleman Vsher.

Susan. Who Mr. *Spruce*? but have you challeng'd him?

Warr. Yes, with all due forme and circumstance. The weapon single Rapier; the place the *Piazza*; the time this mooneshine night presently before supper.

Susan. And your quarrell my love. Well Mr. *Warrant*; I know a Gentleman hath interest in a Lord at Court, who hath long beene inward with her. I'll warrant your pardon. But my Lady expects me. *Exit.*

Warr. Dearest part of my selfe: to get my pardon, here's *Spruce*, now will I affront him.

The second Scène.

Enter SPRUCE by the middle Scène.

Spruce your being my Ladies Gentleman Vsher, her preambulator or her anteman must not protect you in the competition of Mrs. *Secretaries* love.

Spruce. *Warrant*, thou art a scribbled shred of baseness to twit me with my Ladies favours, and mine owne deservings. Mrs. *Secretary* is my Ladies gentlewoman, and I will love her by priviledge.

Warr. By priviledge *Spruce*! Thou art a Baboone of formality, and an ape of court-ship. When I have kill'd thee, and got my pardon, I will have thy skin stuff'd; and with a protection shew thee at countrey Faires and Markets for a Ginney Pigmie.

Spruce. *Warrant*, thou art the *Epitome* of my Masters authority, and the abridgement of his justiceship.

Warr. *Spruce*, thou art a very louse, bred in thy crosse-legg'd profession; that having suckt a little bloud of Gentility, instead of thy usuall bread breakfast, art growne to a fancy familiarity, with thy maintainers. Thou buy'st thy
D laun-

laundry in Long-lane or Hounsfitch with the impudenc
of a cheater.

Spruce. Warrant, thou lyeſt.

Warr. How lye. That ſome-body were here to ſtand
betwixt us. Come not neere me, leſt I blaſt thee with the
breath of my juſt indignation.

Spruce. Keepeat diſtance *Warrant*, leſt I lame thee, and
ſend thee from Conſtable to Conſtable in a Wheele-
barrow.

Warr. For this *Spruce* I will not compaſſionate the good
parts which my Lady commendſ in thee. Thy Fiddle-
ſticke ſhall not ſave thee; nor thy capring liſt thee an inch
from the ground which I have laid for thy deſtruction.

Spruce. Warrant, thou art the very parings of a Pedan-
ticke to flout the compleatneſſe of education. Becauſe thy
dulneſſe is capable of no more then to frame *Hetroclites*
from mens names, and ſcribble a warrant or a *mittimus* by
a preſident; yet thou art a Juſtices Clerke.

Warr. And thou a Ladies Gentleman Viſher, a bundle
of complementall follies ſtitcht up with how-dee's. I
will ſend thee anon upon a viſit to the Divell.

The third Scène.

Enter SUSAN, by the middle Scène.

Susan. Fie Mr. *Spruce* and Mr. *Warrant*, how loud you
are! my Ladie heares your noiſe, and is offended.

Spruce. Yes my Rapier and mine arme ſhall maintaine
it upon his life, I love you beſt.

Susan. Indeed Mr. *Spruce* and I love you.

Warr. Ple maintaine it againſt the life of all the world;
I love you beſt.

Susan. Truly Mr. *Warrant* and I love you.

Spruce. He that offers to love her beſides my ſelfe, dies.

Susan. Mr. *Spruce* and Mr. *Warrant*, ſend but for one
bottle.

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bottle of Sack, and be friends; I'll love you both.

Warr. I'll brooke no Rivall.

Spruce. Nor I; death must determine it.

Warr. Remember then, I must to the Cutlers.

WARRANT goes forth by the middle Scene.

Susan. Though I am but a waiting-uman, I have more wit then to believe this is earnest. As if I did not know them to bee as arrant Cowards, as a Justices Clerke or Gentleman Vsher can be; and deserve rather to be whip^d by a Satire, then rewarded for their valours with the love of a gentleman. But Mr. *Spruce* doe you mean to fight?

Spruce. Yes, and kill him too. I feare nothing but death and the Gallowes; from which you may save me.

Susan. As how? the meanes.

Spruce. Begg me, I say begg me. Let not my good parts be made unusefull by an untimely turne at *Tyburne*. Me thinks I see the pittifull spectators condoling me. The fish-wives drowning their dead soles with salt water from their eyes; the Oyster-wives weeping for me in most lamentable pickle. An hundred Chamber-maids running stark mad, and as many more falling into the greene sicknesse with longing for me. Begg me therefore (I say) resolve to begg me, and make great hast. It is my feare above death, that otherwise some rich Citty Heyre will prevent you. Resolve therefore to be the first that shall begg me.

Susan. As I am a Gentleman Mr. *Spruce*, if you kill him fairely in a duell; and upon no base advantage I'll doe it.

Spruce. Confirme it then with a kisse, and inspire an *Herculean* valour into me.

Susan. By no meanes at this time. I'll kisse you at the gallowes. My Lady.

*The fourth Scene.**Enter LADY and DOROTHY by the middle Scène.*

Lady. You see how my obedient youth
 Hath joynd it selfe with an unequall mate;
 Your aged father, onely to satisfie
 The Provident will of Parents. Doe you so.
 Fortune hath made me now your Mother.
 Had nature don't, my care could nor be greater,
 Nor more my providence to dipose your good.

Doroth. Mother, the duty which I owe my Father
 You (being his) must share: and this expression
 Of more then common love, I must repay
 With more then common gratitude.

Lady. Then tell me,
 Now time hath given your age perfection;
 Your roses are full blowne, and fit for gathering,
 Doe you not long for a husband?

Dora. Not with much earnestnes: I have as yet
 No passionate desires; as yet no breath
 Poyson'd with *Hyperbolicall* flatteries
 Hath courted my poore beauty; no deep vowes
 Have paid idolatrous sacrifice of service
 To my faire hand, whose whitenes if but kis't
 Can purifie a soule. Beleeve me yet
 The man's a stranger to my knowing memory
 That ever said he lov'd me.

Lady. But take heed:
 There are a sort of fond effeminate men,
 Deepe studied in discursive complement,
 That many times will wast more ayery language
 To take a sollemne leave, then would make up
 A Citty Oratour.
 Beware that no such oyle-tongu'd amorist

Sigh

Sigh forth his passions in thy credulous eares,
 And captivate thy weaknesse. 'Tis their practise
 To glory in diversity of Mistrisles :
 And when one frownes or chides their over-daring
 With a repulse, will not stick to revenge it
 With a foule defamation of her honour.

Susan. Neither can a Gentleman be in love now and
 then but she is censur'd.

La. Let not thine eares drink in their *Rhetorick* charms,
 Lest they bewitch thy glorious understanding
 To dote on their pretences, which perhaps
 Shall be chaste love for it's Creations end :
 When but their covetous hopes preferre a portion
 Before your beauty, birth or education ;
 And yet perhaps there is disparitie
 'Twixt lower fortunes, and their weake desert.
 Deceit's a cunning baud, and many times
 Makes vertue prostitute it selfe to misery,

Doroth. There is a power
 Call'd Fate, which doth necessitate the will,
 And makes desire obedient to it's rule.
 All the resisting faculties of reason,
 Prevention, feare and jealousy are weake
 To dissuall what in it's firme decrees
 Is once determin'd. Yet my heart is free ;
 Vnbounded by the stricter limits of
 Particular affection : so I'll keepe it.
 No proud ingratefull man shall ever triumph
 O're the captiv'd sweets of my Virgin love.
 Nor a vain-glorious gull that offers service
 To every noted beauty, boast my favour.
 I'll cloath my thoughts in humorous observation ;
 And if on any that sollicit love
 I fixe a liking, I'll refer my selfe
 To what is destin'd for me.

Lady. The resolution's noble ; I commend it.

The fifth Scene.

Enter LITTLEWORLD and Mrs. TONGALL, by the middle Scene.

Lady. Welcome Mistress *Tongall*; welcome. You are the onely company in the neighbour-hood. A Ladie can ill be without you.

Tong. This Gentleman Madame, whom I presume to commend to your Ladiships acquaintance, is of worthy birth and education: the *Littlewords* are not moderne; besides their Auncestors were great Philosophers.

Susan. And the latter great fooles.

Tong. Goe, and talke to her. I'll tell your Ladiship a strange thing of the *Little-words*. In seven generations there was but one girle, and shee dyed an infant. Contrariwise of the *Tongalls* there's but one man left, that's my Husband, and he's a Lawyer: now your Ladiship knowes hee gets nothing but wenches. Speake to her Mr. *Littleword*.

La. Is the Gentleman of so good education?

Tong. Extraordinary Madame; hee's a wit. I would my *Iynny* were worthy of him, he should seeke no further. I pray Mr. *Littleword* speake to her.

Lady. Can he Poetise Mrs. *Tongall*?

Tong. Excellently Madame; hee hath things in print. His next dedication shall be to your Ladiship. Why doe you not goe and talke to her?

Lady. What estate hath he?

Tong. Five hundred a yeare present possession, more in reversion. This Gentleman, Mrs. *Dorothy*, is my friend, and desire's to bee your servant. I have made way now, why doe you not speake to her? I am bold to commend him to your liking.

Doro. Pray you Mrs. *Tongall*, what wages takes he?

Tong.

Tong. You mistake Mrs. *Dorothy*; 'tis your love hee would serve you for.

Doro. That's a cold reward; a Livery would keepe him warmer.

Ton. Fie, that you will not speake to her. And how doth your Ladiship like an old man?

Lady. A cold bed fellow. But Religion and Conscience. Now 'tis done I must love him. Would hee were not jealous.

Tong. None are so confident (Madame) as cuckolds. But your Ladiships knowne vertue will soone put out the eyes of his suspition. Speake to her Mr. *Littleword*.

Susan. I would not now for all the Sacke in *Spaine* my loving humour were upon mee. This dumb Gentleman would make me forswear the qualitie.

Derot. Sure Mrs. *Tongall* your friend would make an excellent midwife; he can keepe secrets.

Tong. 'Tis his modestie Mrs. *Dorothy*. Blesse mee that you would not speake to her.

The sixth Scène.

Enter IERKER, ARTLOVE and IEFFREY,
by the middle Scène.

Ierk. Madame, I am bold to commend this Gentleman, who will deserve your acquaintance.

Artl. As far as my power will extend to expression.

La. You are welcome Mr. *Ierker* and this Gentleman, and shall bee whilst your visits are seasonable. But you know I have a jealous husband.

Ierk. There are medicines to cure it Madame.

Ieffr. May not I salute the Ladie Cousin?

Ierk. 'Tis but courtesie and manners.

Ieffr. I am bold with your Ladiships lip.

La. 'Tis marvell you blush not. So bold and so young!

By

By that time you come to your full growth pretty Gentleman, you'll make up the number of the ten Worthies.

Jeffer. Madame, I am neither Infidell, Iew, nor good Christian; though I am little, I dare be your Ladiships Champion in an active skirmish.

Tong. This 'tis to be backward: you'll never thrive in any thing unless you are more forward. Lose such an opportunity with not speaking to her!

Lady. Secretarie.

Susan. Madame.

Lady. Goe, and direct the Cooke.

SUSAN goes forth by the middle Scene.

Artl. How on a sodaine my resolves are numb'd,
And frozen into silence, that confirms
The first distrust of my knowne undeservings,
I dare not speake.

Doroth. Shall I have another dumb servant! Are you not well Sir?

Artl. Well Ladie! yes. Health it selfe
Is a disease in others, if compar'd
With th' absolute state of mine. Where you are present
Sicknesse can have no power over frailtie.
The beames which your bright eyes shoot, purifie
The most infectious ayre. Your words distill
A Balme more precious then that Miracle
The *Chymicks* dreame of:
At distance I have often seene your beauty;
And thence receiv'd a fire, whose quickning flames
Did animate my soule, that else was earthy,
A lump of passive dulnesse; now 'tis active:
And if you please to cherish it, shall pay
All it's derivative abilities
Vnto your lowest service.

Doro. You too much flatter my unworthinesse:
And in that likewise derogate
From your owne fulnesse of admired merit.

Thun

Th' vnskilful ft *Physiognomist* may read
In your bright forehead, and your formes exactnesse,
A man repleat with all perfections.
Whose very superfluities might be
Additions to the barren worths of others.

Ierk. And can there be greater disparity?
Would it not seeme a Prodigie in nature,
To have greene Summer with her rose-crown'd head
Kisse the white isicles from Winters beard?
Extinguish her bright fires in his cold bosome?
Madame, I know your sportive Youth desires
A more proportion'd mixture. Come, let's trie,
Fire put to fire increaseth active Flames;
Contraries dull each other with confusion:
Such are the frozen kisses of your Husband,
Vnto your warme delights—

Art. Ladie, if any worth appeare in me
It must derive it's fulnesse from your liking:
Had I intus'd into me all the excellence
Of those *Heroicks* whom the Poets fain'd;
Were I made up with all Perfections
That Fiction ever painted, to expresse
Desert in freshest colours;
Vnlesse you cal'd it worth, 'twere but a subject
For base contempt, though popular admiration
Gav't divine Attributes. Since you commend
The faculties your whitenesse must dispose of—

Ieffr. Aske your husband leave! by this hand I would
not aske an Alderman leave to Cuckold him. So he might
take example from a Citty kinde one, whose Wife long'd
to kisse a Lord: upon which he grew so proud for being
exalted above the rest of his neighbours, that he would
suffer none to Cuckold him ever after but Lords.

Dorot. By no meanes Sir. *(solure.)*
Wrong not your judgement, which must needs bee ab-
The choice of me

Is too inferiour to your richer value.
 The *Cyprian* *Queene* had shee but seene your face,
 Would ne're have dy'd the roses with her blood,
 Wept on their palenesse for *Adonis* losse;
 But circled in a ring of all her graces
 Court your celestiall for me upon the bosome
 Of some more fragrant *Tempe*.

Artl. She mocks me sure.

Dor. Did *Syrens* heare your voice they would give o're
 Their own malicious charms; and through the witchcraft
 Of it's more powerfull musicks, rage with madnesse:
 Leaving their proper element to dye
 In the pursuit of sweeter melody.

Artl. This grosse flattery, *Ladie*,
 Commends your wit, rather then your good nature;
 My heart is a plaine heart, and my desires
 Are truly vertuous, not to be contemn'd.

Lady. Fie, *Mr. Jerker*! besides the words incivility,
 I did not expect such absurditie in a reputed wit. Could
 you not haue couch'd it better; shall I have leave to doe
 your *Ladiship* a piece of night service; or so. Come,
 come, forbear these wicked sollicitis, or I shall disclaime
 the promise of my favours reversion when my old *Huf-*
band die's, if nature be not mercilesse, and I goe first.

The seventh Scene.

Enter *Sir* *GENEROUS WORTHY*, and *young WORTHY*,
by the middle SCENE.

Sir Gen. Ha! what's here! Courtship on all hands?

Lady. My Husband.

Dorot. My Father, and my Brother.

T. Worth. I like not this.

Sir Gen. *Mr. Jerker*, you are welcome, I hope; having
 fail'd in his old, hee hath not a new suit; that as I made

her a Ladie, shee should bestow an honourable Crest upon mee.

Ierk. Let his jealousie conster it into truth.

Lady. He shall neuer be but a Vnicorne.

Ierk. Madame, however I appeare in my wildnesse, I shall continue to your Ladiship in my first desires. So with this tribute of my devotion.

Artl. I would first kisse your hand.

Dorot. My lip being too unworthy.

Tong. I take my leave Madame.

Lady. Farewell Mistris Tongall.

Sir Gen. Son, schoole your Sister. Come with me Wife.

T. Wor. Sister, I can but wonder much, that you Ex.
Should make your selfe the object of their Courtship,
Who beare perhaps but th' empty names of Gentlemen,
Without the reall fulnesse.

Doroth. What meane you (Brother) by this introduction?

T. Wor. Sister, to take the priviledge of discretion,
And schoole your ignorant courtesie, that upon
The shadowes and appearances of Men
Confer your favours.

Dorot. Brother, you may pretend your love
In this distrust; but 'tis an ill expression.
Thinke not my judgement subject to such weaknesse.

That I can build a faith on Complements,
Or (with rash passion) run into an error.
Nothing but knowne desert shall eye my thoughts

To a staid liking, if I may distinguish it.
And when my choice is fixt, it shall be such
As your fraternall love must not dispute.

T. Wor. Sister, my counsell's milde,
Nor would I have you violent in defence
Of a suspected folly. Guilt is aptest
To make excuse. But if your resolution
Be bent thus wilfully to persist in actions

Of fear'd dishonour, be assur'd my Spirit
Shall rage with such an anger, playes ne're painted.

Dorot. Dishonour Brother, I have a spirit too,
That scornes as much an Act of foule dishonour,
As you, or any Masculine pretender
To noble Vertues. Guilt is aprest still
To be suspicious. If a maid be free
In her discourse, and courteous entertainment,
She straight is censur'd. But let a man appeare
Stuck full of apish Courtship; light, inconstant,
As talkative as Parrats, that are taught
A voyces imitation; one that courts
Every fad'd beauty with a seeming zeale;
As if his foules devotion were restrain'd
Onely to her Divinitie; this man's call'd
A well-bred complementall Gentleman.
Mens greatest follies, if compar'd with ours,
Are vertues, fit for our imitation.

T. Wer. Sister, your Satyr smart's not:
The lashes reach not me.

Dorot. They are but suppositions Brother.
And pray suppose the Gentleman that seem'd
To court my beauty, were indeed a man,
Not guilded imperfections; one whose words
Were full of weighty judgement, not mere sound;
Whose reall vertues did beget an envie,
Perhaps an emulation in all others;
And from the freedome of his richer minde
He gave himselfe and them to be my servants;
What gratitude in me might equall this?

T. Wer. I know you are free,
And rather then a complementall servant
Should be discourag'd in his serious wantonnesse,
You'l give it countenance to make him bold
In's amorous pursuit; perhaps to th' impudence
Of a lascivious charge upon your modestie;
Because you scorne ingratitude.

Dorot.

Dorot. Brother, did not the ties
Of love and nature check my forward aptnesse,
I'de tell you y'are not noble, and suspect
Whether your mind hold that derivative goodnesse
Which generous blood communicates, to suspect
Her resolute countencie whom you call Sister.
Thinke not your being a man prerogative
To be the onely Counsellor in manners
Brother, though to your person I am partiall.
Through confidence of your appearing vertue;
The generall vices noted in your sexe,
Such as with publique ostentation
You glory to be guiltie of, which in
Our very thoughts raise blushes——

T. Wer. Sister no more.
Leaving these circumstantiall arguments,
Pray let a Fathers care and Brothers love
Commend him first whom you intend for Husband;
You'l finde us tyrants else. Nature is kind;
But if provokt, she hath a *Tygers* mind.
He finde him out and satisfie my selfe
How farre he is deserving.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Dorot. How is our weaknes trodden and insulted on
By these imperious men! Aie me resolves
Against their threats and counsels, unlesse grounded
On stronger reasons then suspicion.
As the pure Oare refin'd exceeds in value
Treble proportions of the courser drosse;
So true desert in Man an outward glosse.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Act. 3. Scæn. I.

Enter DOROTHY and SUSAN, in
the BALCONE.

Susan. Come Mrs. *Dorothy*; here's a Moone would make a great bellied uman long for greene cheefe. Me thinks 'tis pleasant taking the ayre by Moone-shine.

Dorot. But 'tis not so healthfull The night infects the ayre with unwholsome vapours.

Susan. A figg for these Physicall observations. I have knowne a Doctors prescription cast down a Gentleman for three quarters of a yeare. But if ever I lie under any of them for the greene sicknes.

Dorot. Fie upon thee.

Susan. Why I doe not meane naughtines. But what doe you thinke made me so earnest to have you hither?

Doroth. Some wanton humour. You have drunke a cup of Sacke, and want a handsome Gentleman to bee in love with.

Susan. No such matter. Ile not drinke a drop more till towards supper. I brought you to see a Duell.

Doroth. Blesse me; betwixt whom?

Susan. My Ladies Gentle-man, and Mr. *Warrant*.

Doroth. They are unequally weapon'd. Mr. *Spruce*, though hee be a Tailor weares a—the foolish rime runs in my head. I had almost said a dagger, but tis a sword; and my Fathers Clerke hath onely his ink horne.

Susan. And that's a terrible one. But I saw the Cutler bring him a sword; I saw it naked, which was enough to fright many a gentleman. I saw him trie it on a bar of iron in the kitchen; and many more fearfull preparations.

Doroth.

Dorot. But will not you prevent them?

Susan. By no means, unlesse there were more danger. 'Twill be mirth for this twelve-month, if our eyes (through this imperfect Moone-light) can but reach the sight of them. What confident daring will be betwixt them at some great distance?

Dorot. And what's their quarrell?

Susan. The love of a Gentleman, I assure you.

Dorot. Your selfe perhaps.

Susan. No otherwise indeed. My beauty is the object of their valour. The Combatants will enter presently. The Knight of the *Ink-horne*, and the Knight of the *Spanish Needle*.

Dorot. Both affecting the Lady of the *Closet*. But Mrs. *Secretary*, what if my Lady Mothers Chamber-maid and *Iolane* in the Kitchen were here?

Susan. For you to make them Ladies, as you have done me. Indeed they might serve by Moone-light; the day perhaps would discover a greasie Gentry.

Dorot. Fic; now you forget your selfe.

Susan. 'Tis ordinary for a waiting-Gentleman but newly made a Lady to forget her selfe. But see, I am prevented from proceeding. Let us observe.

The second Scène.

Enter WARRANT, and a little after him SPRUCE,
by the middle SCENE.

Warr. 'Tis a good sword; it cost me two pieces. No matter. Many a mans death hath cost more at the Physicians. Who would be afraid to kill a man; when hee is sure of his pardon?

Dorot. Hee is now in some deepe meditation of your beautie.

Susan. See Mistris, there's the other.

Spruce.

COVENT-GARDEN

Spruce. That sure is *Warrant*. Ple goe this way. I shall never be said I went after a man to kill him, though I am confident *Missis Secretary* will begg me.

Dorot. They goe contrary wayes. Wee shall not see the fight. They meane to meeete and end it at the *Antipodes*.

Warr. But what should I thinke of killing him? I know hee dare as well take the wall of a drunken Constable, or juttle a Buffe-coat leading a wench, as meet me.

Susan. Me thinks I perceive them stand.

Spruce. Yes, yes; *Mr. Warrant*: I smell him hitherto.

Warr. Is not that *Spruce*? certainly 'tis hee. Me thinks I see him tremble hitherto. Hee dare not come neere me; and I scorn to goe to him to kill him: It may hinder my pardon. Therefore he shall assault me first.

Dorot. Why, they are faine. Hath not feare congeal'd them into stones?

Susan. Dissolv'd them rather into gelley.

Warr. That some good fellow would but come and beat the cowardly *Rascal* of a boy.

Spruce. That I might see him come now and take away his hat or cloake.

Susan. Now could I fancy in my imagination what they say. *Mr. Warrant*. O that I had this Coward *Spruce* here: I would dismember him; and then what Gentleman would care a rush for him? Now *Mr. Spruce* hath studied the *Arcadia*. He sayes. Oh that I had this *Warrant* here: It would cut him into *raggs*; that wheresoever the Sun shines, the *trophies* of my renowned victorie might bee visible.

Warr. That he would but come a little neerer.

Spruce. That hee were but within twice my sword's length.

Warr. I would I had but a leg or an arme of him, since he will not come, that I may kill him.

Spr. That I had but his head here; how I would shew it.

The

The third Scene.

Enter RALPH and DOBSON by the left Scene.

Ralph. This is the vertue of Sack boy. Who would toile in durt for whay and butter-milke, or the windie juice of Pome-waters upon Sundayes? Now could I be as valiant as—nothing.

Dobf. I could fight with an Army of *Polecats*, so they were not Women.

Ralph. I could take the wall of three times three Taylors, though in the morning, and at a Bakers stall.

Dobf. That were a way to have thy skin bodkind full of ilet holes.

Ralph. If I should throw downe three or foure postes.

Dobf. What then?

Ralph. What then! why, I would not stay to take them up.

Susan. Who are these? observe.

Ralph. Give me an armour of Sack; I am shot-free.

Dobf. Whilst my Master paye's the reckoning.

Susan. Mistress *Dorothy*, I have fasten'd on a designe for rare sport. My friends.

Dorot. Will you talke to strangers in the street?

Ralph. What say you pretty paire of Wag-tailes? doe you want Play-mares?

Susan. Will you doe a courtesie for a Gentleman?

Ralph. Within dores, or without?

Susan. You seeme to be valiant.

Dobf. They that trie us shall finde our mettall.

Susan. Perceive you not two men yonder in severall places?

Ralph. Wee see something, but they may as well be stockes.

Susan. For any manhood that's in them. If you will but

beat them a little, besides a Gentleman's thanks, some other reward shall attend it.

Ralph. How are we sure they are Cowards?

Susan. You may trust the word of a Gentleman.

Dobson. Come, come, thou standest doubting like a cowardly fool. These may be Gentlewomen of good fashion, and apt to take fire at valour. Who knows what preferment's neere us? We have persons.

Ral. Why then forwards: call upon sack, *Dobson*, sack.

Warr. Who are these come towards me? my courage begins to have an ague.

Spruce. Who may these be? my wish (I hope) some good fellows to rob him.

Dobson. What was our Commission *Ralph*? to beat them, and not kill them.

Ralph. To kill them and not hurt them? Call upon Sack, *Dobson*: I begin to be affraid. I can perceive his sword; he shakes it fearefully.

Dobson. Draw thine then; and sack, sack the walles of Troy.

Warr. The rogue *Spruce* hath sent them to beate mee. 'Tis so. I must shift for my selfe.

Ralph. Sirrah, thou man of feare and trembling. Call upon Sack, *Dobson*.

Warr. Alas, what meane you Gentlemen?

Ralph. Not so gentle neither. Wee are fiery furious, and command thee in the name of Sack, resigne thy weapon; and submit to be corrected by our valour.

Warr. Kinde Gentlemen, I hope you'll not kill me. I'll doe any thing, rather then be kill'd.

Ralph. A handsome beating shall assuage our fury.

Warr. Sweet Gentlemen, I'll doe any thing rather then be beaten.

Spruce. 'Tis so; they are robbing him, and I scorne to aid him. Teach the rogue to be such a coward: he might have come to me.

Dobson.

Dobs. Are you prepar'd Sir?

Warr. Mercifull Gentlemen; I have some money, a Cloake and a good Beaver: I'll give you all, and forgive you too, so you'll not beat me.

Dobs. This was beyond our expectation.

Ralph. Our mercy may bee brought to a composition. But should we be pittifull, could you be content, since you cannot fight in your owne defence, to lye in our defence.

Warr. I'll say or sweare any thing, rather then be kill'd or beaten.

Ralph. That we did beat you?

Warr. That you left mee dead. I'll lye at a Surgeons these two moneths; and pretend that my skull was broken in twelve places: that halfe my braines were putrified and taken out. I'll be mad all my life after to confirme people in the believe of it.

Ralph. Depart then and praise us.

Warr. Yes, at the gallowes. I'll have you hang'd for robbing me: I shall teach you to attempt any thing on a Justices Clerke.

Goes forth by the right Scène.

Susan. Nay, pray you stay a little longer.

Dorot. I am weary; wee'll imagine the rest done. I'll send my Brother forth to make them friends.

Exeunt from the Balcone.

Spruce. 'Tis done sure. Now will I home, proclaime him a coward, and triumph. Ha! doe they way-lay mee! the rogue hath hir'd them to beat or rob me. An ague of feare is upon me. Now could I wish my selfe transform'd into a beast, and have foure legs. These two which have beene my most usefull members will surely faile.

Ralph. Sirrah, you Raskall.

Spruce. You mistake Sir, I am a Gentleman Vsher.

Ralph. Then thou abuser of wit and good cloathes, be mannerly, and uncover to thy betters.

Spruce. I hope Gentlemen you doe not meane to rob me? Trust me, I have no money, but a few farthings of my Ladies to give poore people.

Ralph. We will be satisfied with a small diminution of your plentiful Wardrobe. Wee know you have more Cloakes and Beavers at home.

Spruce. No I protest Gentlemen. I have but this onely case for my Carkasse: and 'twill not be quite paid for til the next quarter.

Dobf. Why then Sir, we will beat you handsomly, and that shall allay our fury.

Spruce. Nay kinde Gentlemen, I had rather stand to my Ladies bountie, then be beaten.

Ralph. Why then thanke our mercy and depart, whilst we like honest theeyes share our booty.

Spruce. And I find out the Constable.

Goes forth by the right Scène.

The fourth Scène.

Enter ART LOVE by the left Scène.

Artl. How glorious shews heaven with trembling lights
Sparkling their distant beames! The full orb'd Moone
Borne on nights dewie wings, rides in her *Sphere*;
And throwes the shine which from her brothers rayes
She borrowes to illuminate the earth
Through thinner ayre, where no condensed vapours
Are interpos'd to let her piercing eye
From seeing that which she gives sight to. Yet
My heart is wrapt in clouds of leaden sadnesse.
Love is not that in me which others feigne it.
I dreame not of delights; my busie fancie
Presents no fabulous heaven. A hell of torment
Darken's my mind's bright faculties; and reason
suffers it selfe to be eclips'd by passion.

Dobf.

Dobf. Now we are enter'd *Ralph.* what if we made this our profession? many a one lives by it.

Ralph. And many a one is hang'd for it.

Artl. Oft have these instruments of heavens influence
 Scene my contemplative watchings;
 When with profound and an unwearied search
 I have scan'd the causes of their great effects;
 And waded through the most inscrutable secrets
 Both of the mediate and immediate nature.
 But coming once to read a Womans face,
 There were so many heavens, that every thought
 In me, requir'd a severall understanding,
 To give each severall grace a severall name,
 And definition.

Dobf. Thou art affraid of the gallows?

Ralph. Not much of the gallows without a hangman.

Artl. The *Chaos* and the earth were loves first Parents;
 And yet the child did give the Parents forme.
 What Riddles are in nature!

Man's a disorder'd Masse, a meere confusion
 Of rude, inanimate sense and understanding.
 Vntill inspir'd with loves diviner soule.
 The sense is tir'd, unlesse it varye's objects.
 Knowledge would be finite, were not the mind
 Delighted with diversitie.

But love's a subject for eternall studie;
 And one faire booke preserv'd so, a full library.

Dobson. I am resolv'd; I'll nor spare man, woman nor
 child, whilst the sack works.

Ralph. For women and children let me alone: if I fall
 upon the one, Ile soon get the other.

Artl. What fabulous errors learning is attended with!
Plato's five Worlds; their sempiternitie;
Pythagoras transmigration; and opinions
 Judgement would blush to father. But a woman,
 Did men contemplate such a one as I doe,

They'd Make her all those Worlds; and then include
All the fam'd excellence of former beauties
In her more perfect frame.

The fifth Scene.

Enter young WORTHY by the middle Scene.

T. Wor. Is't possible such shew of resolution
Should appeare in Cowards! I'll make them friends.
And that being done mine owne intentions
Must be pursu'd to finde that Gentleman
Court'd my Sister. Love of all sorts bends
It selfe to courses for it's severall ends.

Dobf. Now for a daring Constable.

Ralph. Without his staffe of authoritie, or a fortification of Sack. A Constable may be valiant when hee commands others what he cannot doe himselfe.

T. Wor. What! my paire of valiant Cowards! friends already.

Dobf. How! Cowards! swallow that word, or it shall choake thee.

T. W. These fellowes have out-gone their Commission and rob'd them. I was a wise man to come abroad without a sword.

Ralph. Hee hath never a sword. Sirrah, thou man of presumption, that hast profan'd our incomparable valour, redeeme thy forfeited life of our mercie with some gold or silver pictures out of thy silken pockets.

T. Wor. They'l rob me too: Why, Gentlemen; silke clothes have not money in them at all times.

Ralph. He lookes terribly *Dobson*. Call upon Sack.

Dobf. I will cleave him at one stroke.

T. W. Doe you meane to murder a Gentleman?

Artl. Murder a Gentleman the voyce came thence.
He rescue him, though danger and destruction

Met me with open mouths. Villaines, desist.

T. W. You have done a benefit I must acknowledge.

Artl. That's to reward it fir; from which base ends
Good actions should be free. I'de gladly heare
A short relation of the Accident.

Dobf. Why dost thou quake so *Ralph*?

Ralb. Why dost thou tremble so *Dobson*? I dare bee
whipt if these bee not some kin to the Gentlewoman that
sent us hither from the thing at yonder house.

T. W. Were you sent to rob or kill me?

Dobf. Alas Gentlemen, we are very ingrums.

Ralph. Meere Country Animals. Wee have valour to
steale a May-pole, or rob the Parsons Hens-nest: but to
kill a man as far from our intents or daring, as pittie from
an Executioner, or bashfulnesse from a Jingo.

T. W. Forbeare the rest. This affords me matter: Re-
turne to that house, there leave your bootie and receive
your reward; onely this I'll keepe.

Ralph. With all our hearts: wee had rather any body
should have them, then the hangman both them and us
for them. Come *Dobson*, we have got the money yet; and
a little sack will animate us againe. My soul's under foot;
I must raise it: But if ever I quarrell againe by Moone-
shine unlesse I am drunk, valour forsake me.

Go forth by the left Scene.

T. W. Blest Accident! 'tis surely the same.

After a stricter view, my memory
Vnlesse it erres, tells me I have seene your person
Before this at my fathers.

Artl. If you are the son of Sir *Generous Worthy*.

T. H. It was the blessing
Nature and Fortune did bestow on me.

Artl. It is indeed a blessing, when the vertues
Of noble Races are hereditary;
And doe derive themselves from th'imitation
Of vertuous Ancestours. You have a faire Sister.

T. H.

T. W. Her beaurie is not worth your commendations.

Artl. Your modestie is too severe
In your restraint from praising her pure excellence,
Which should be Poets studie; not with fiction,
And common figures, but diviner attributes:
Then they must call it nothing but it selfe.

T. W. Have I found you? I shall search you deeper.

Artl. The subjects weight would make a Poem weighty,
And take away the imputation
Which seeming solidnesse would throw upon't
Of a light fancie.

T. W. It seemes you love my Sister?

Artl. He were a Divell did not love such goodnesse.
It is the onely vertue frailty boasts of,
To love faire sensuall objects: but my soule
Hath noted inward beauty in her mind,
Which makes me glory (though it be presumption)
That I doe love her.

T. W. Cal't not presumption sir, you doe deserve her,
In that you have indear'd me for my life
Who am her Brother. And I commend your wit,
Which I presume my Sisters love hath whetted.
'Twas a quaint Plott. Wereth' Actors here againe,
I'd pay their wages.

Artl. Your Riddle needs some *Oedipus* to solve it.

T. W. Why sir, ridiculous fables
May sometimes serve for imitation.
Though twere a meere appointment in this rescue,
To shew your love and valour.

Artl. What base suspition
Poysons his jealous thoughts! 'Tis injurie
Beyond all patience.

T. W. Alas sir, you are mov'd?

Artl. Yes, to an indignation; whose just heat
Burnes me almost to rage. But there are charmes

And

And spels about you conjure downe my spirit.
You are her Brother.

Young. Wer. It seemes your guilt dare not denie the truth ?

Artl. Dare not denie it !

Were thy hands armd with Thunder ;
Hadst thou a *Gorgons* looke, wer't not her Brother,
Ring'd in the terror of a thousand Jibbets
And executioners, I have a point
Should finde thy hart out.

Y. W. But I must tell you sir,
Seldome high spirits that pursue their honours,
With earnest flights, will stoop at weake respects :
But prey upon th' opinion of those men .
That scan their actions ; tearing their reputat ions
Out of suspitions bowels. Hee's not a Gentleman
Will not preserve his honour.

Artl. Your speech, Sir,
Savours of strange severity. My honour
Is that part of my selfe, without which
The man that's in me can have no subsisting.
Honour's the greatest of exterior goods,
And must be still pursu'd as the reward
Due unto vertue, through the greatest dangers.
Yet fortitude is not the appetite
Of formidable things, nor inconsult
Rashnes ; but vertue fighting for a truth ;
Deriv'd from knowledge of distinguishing
Good or bad causes. Thinke me not a Coward
Because I am not rash : nor through defect
Of better counsell, doe not resist the force
Of will or passion ; howsoe're your jealousie
Proceeding from our better thoughts infection
Hath beene a provocation. And perhaps
The love I beare your Sister, will appeare
Your chiefeest safety.

Y. Wer. In an attempt of right

I have more safetie heere then your pretences
Can arme me with. But if you love my Sister,
It must be honourable and not wanton :
She will finde Champions else.

Artl. It must be honourable !

These words include a doubt works strangely in me.
Love must not wrack my reputation.
Sir, I begin to scan the circumstance,
And conster your intention. You would trie me :
But your temptations have beene too abusive.
And now my resolution is prepar'd
To doe my credit justice.

T.W. You will not fight with me that am her Brother ?

Artl. There's Magick in those words.

T.W. I doe presume my Sister will reward you
For these expressions. She is free to pay
Her servants promis'd wages ; be it kisses,
Or any other dalliance.

(flies,

Artl. What a prophane breath from his blacke mouth
Would poison all the idolatrous religions
That e're aw'd wicked mortalls.

He is not sure her brother, but some impostor,
That onely counterfeit's his worthier person.
I could be patient at the lye, or Coward,
Or any thing that can make passion violent.
But her bright honour staind's a cause of justice.
To arme a Nation. Draw, if th'art a man ;
And with the plea of valour, (if th'ast any)
Defend thy errors : Draw thy sword.

T.W. Not against him that loves my Sister.

Artl. Is my just anger mock't ! love made ridiculous !
Draw ; lest I make my selfe an Executioner.
And doe an act of justice on thy guilt.

T.W. Never against your bosome, where a spirit
So truely noble dwel's, that hath converted
All my faign'd jealousies to usefull love.

Artl. I

Artl. I am confounded to amazement.

T. W. Pray reconcile all your distractions.
Let not the least distrust abuse your confidence
Of what I undertake. My Sister's yours,
If she advise of me that am her Brother,
And interested in her good or ill,
Can be prevailing.

Artl. Then requesting Sir,
That you'll presume no more upon the priviledge
Of that pure love I beare your vertuous Sister
Tadmit a jealousie of any action,
Or thought of mine which tends not unto noblenesse,
Next unto her my bosome holds you deare,
And shall doe ever.

T. W. So mine the like. Thus noble causes
Put fire into the spirits of full men.
Though sometimes seeming valour may arise
Through lust or wine, from hatefull cowardise.

Go forth by the left Scène.

Act. 4: Scæn. I.

*Enter IERKER and IEFFREY, with a
Drawer, by the left Scène.*

B O Y.

A Non, anon Sir, by and by.

Ier. Some more wine Boy. Is Mr. *Artlove* return'd?

Boy. Not yet Sir.

Jeffrey. Poore Gentleman; hee's complaining to the
Moone, or studying the event of his love in the Starres,
Mee thinks I could make a counterfeit expression of his
passions to the life.

G 2

Drop

Drop from thy *Sphere* thou silver Ministresse
Of watry light; dance no unequall motions
On thy foure orbes; but quench thy paler fires
In Loversteares, that all inconstancie
May so be drown'd. I would I were in love Cousin.

Ierk. Before you are capable of it.

Ieffr. Why Cousin, is it not defin'd to be youth's folly!
Indeed, all things in Youth are folly.

Ierk. 'Not so Coz. all folly may be in Youth:
But many times 'tis mixt with grave discretion,
That tempers it to use; and make's it judgement
Equall if not exceeding that which Palseys
Hath almost shaken into a disease.
But why would you be in love Coz.

Ieffr. That I might Poetize: you know 'tis the onely
dancing Master to teach the Art of Measures; though I
have knowne Poets scarce able to stand on their feet.

Ierk. Then you would write *Satyres* Coz?

Ieffr. 'Tis your dancing conceit. But the Grinkums
Cousin cleaves not the feete.

Enter Dasher.

Ierk. Mr. *Dasher*, this freeness hath doubled the favor;
vizit us of your owne accord!

Dash. Gentlemen my selfe, and all that depends on my
selfe, or on any thing that hath dependance on my selfe,
is at your service.

Ieffr. I should desire your wife then.

Dash. Sweet young Gentleman, you are the *Epitome* of
a faire body, and shall command the Commander of my
selfe and family. I will but present a glasse of Greeke
Sacke to the hands of a noble Lord, and returne to serve
you.

Exit.

Ierk. You have a vertue Sir, I could wish communica-
ted.

Ieffr. What's that Cousin?

Ierk. To cozen Cousin.

Ieffr.

Ieffr. And would you learne it?

Ierk. The *Theorie*, but not the *Practicke*. I converse much in Tavernes; and the use should onely be a thrifty prevention.

Ieffr. As my observation hath taught me something in a bawdy house, where they cannot change money.

Enter DASHER.

Dash. Now Gentlemen dispose of your servant.

Ierk. Indeed Mr. *Dasher* our Wine's naught.

Dash. How I naught I who drew it? name but your drawer; he is punish't whilst you pronounce it. I'll not keepe an offensive mouse that eats the crums under my table, but shall pay his life to doe you service. *Exit.*

Ieffr. Why Cousin, the Wine's good.

Ierk. I onely gave him matter for a complement.

Ieffr. 'Tis pittie to abuse him that is so apt to abuse himselfe. But what doe you muse on Cousin?

Ierk. I am studdying a conceited health.

Ieffr. Why to the long standing of *Banbury* May-pole.

Ierk. No Puritan will pledge that.

Ieffr. Yes, the Good-wives: they'l finde dancing a more wholesome exercise for the body, then some of their Doctrines for the Soule.

The second Scène.

Enter ARTLOVE and young WORTHY,
by the left Scène.

Ierk. Ar't come friend, and Mr. *Worthy*?

T. W. Our mutuall loves.

Enter DASHER.

Dash. I am bound to serve you Gentlemen, and I wish my rooffe were worthier, and my disordered houshold order'd to your content.

Artl. We are bound to thanke your readinesse.

Dash. Gentlemen, your servant will send his servants to wait upon you presently. *Exit.*

Ierk. What accident brought you two together?

Artl. The mercie of my Starres: but what event Their influence will direct, I cannot prophesie.

Prethee be carefull, hee's a *Cynick* noter

Of men and of their manners *Ierk.* If he bite,
Here's that shall blunt his fangs.

Artl. Good friend be milde;

Temper thy passions here. Scandall may grow
From low foundations to an heighth of infamy.

Thou know'st my temperance doth not oft frequent
These publique places.

T. Wor. Sir, the relation 'twixt a son and father
May make you jealous of my partiall nature.
Trust me, I never yet was so indulgent
To mine owne weaknesse, that untill my judgement
Had made a full distinguishment of causes,
I could bee violent in his defence
Farther then filiall dutie; which sometimes
Hath stretcht it selfe to counsell and advice
Against suspicion. For though your wild behaviour
In some particular actions might provoke him,
Shee whom new dutie makes me now call mother
Hath given large testimonie of her vertue
Even to satisfaction of all goodnesse;
Although his age, (in other things judicious)
Cannot so easily admit believe,
And safer confidence.

Ierk. Though I appeare

In outward carriage apt to make distrust
Condemne me vicious; yet my Soule retaines
(Besides a generous disposition

Deriv'd from noble blood) some scrupulous sparkes
Of better conscience. Call it not selfe-flattery

In that I am mine owne defenses instrument.
 Report sufficiently may informe your knowledge,
 (Nor is it error) that my interest
 In her you now call Mother
 Was beyond all dispute : our equall loves
 Mov'd in one circle ; and our thoughts were fixt ;
 Nor can I varie ; shee's the object still
 Of my desires. I confesse I use
 Wanton sollicites ; and should scarce resist
 My wishes satisfaction she consenting.
 But those delights would end in such a loathing,
 That I should never more have mercifull thought
 There can be any goodnesse left in Woman.

T. W. This jarres upon my heart-strings.

Ierk. Dos't distast you Sir,
 That I defend my selfe ?

T. W. You must not wrong my Father.

Ierk. I doe abhor the thought of injurie.
 Nor shall my spirit fall in the just plea
 Of mine owne right.

T. W. But not to wrong my Father.

Ieffr. If he bee abusive, Cousin challenge him. I'll bee
 your second.

Ierk. Hee's not a Crane Coz.

Ieffr. Nor I a Pigmie ; you mock my love.

Ierk. Your forwardnesse is dangerous.

Ieffr. Why, he can never have wit, that is not valiant.
 I'll trie him my selfe, if not to disturb you Sir.

T. W. I thanke you little one.

Ieffr. How little one ! Is not that an affront Cousin ?

Ierk. 'Tis as you take it Coz.

Aril Fill some Wine boy : never a Drawer here ?

Enter DASH.

Dash. What Gentlemen, none to attend you? (whoop)
 An unlook'd for happinesse that my unworthy selfe is
 prefer'd.

T. W.

Y. W. An inferiour servant may serve, Mr. *Dasher*.

Dash. I am the servant of my servant that shall serve you. And unlesse hee serve you he is not my servant. I'll turne them all away presently for this neglect of your worthy Persons. *Exit.*

Jeffer. Men weare swords Sir.

Y. W. And boyes too sometimes.

Jeffer. You'll answer it?

Y. W. Answer what Child?

Jeffer. Little one! Boy! Child! I shall bee degraded next to an infant.

Ierker. Fie Cousin, containe. The Gentleman cannot brooke it.

Y. W. Yes Sir, hee can brooke any thing but wronging of his Father.

Artl. I pray no more, the subject is too harsh To make good musicke in societie.

Ierk. Then here's a health to her that best deserves The attribute of Faire: whose white and red Prove what's lifes mixture. From whose forms exact Rules of Proportion might be better drawne Then from Arts Principles. To her whose Youth Warmes Winters icie bosome with her Spring; Yet will not wrong your Father. As it goes round, Each give his Mistress some commending Character.

Artl. Why then a health to her whose beauties are Not a grosse Earth, with painted superficies; But a more sprightly Element of pure Fire. Within whose Sphere a glorious Minde doth move All th' orbes of vertue with celestiall flame. Whose active climbings carry her desires To th' utmost height of noblenesse and honour: To her that calls you Brother.

Y. W. Let not your love appeare so full of flattery.

Ierk. Nay, Coz; 'tis yours.

Jeffer. Then here's a health to her will freely put

Her sweets to use. Kisse, and be kiss againe
Without a fie. Whose boldnesse will not blush
At an assault, or any wanton touch.
And if a man persist to farther doing,
Accounts it losse of time, a tedious wooing.
To her that I call Mistris.

T. W. Bravely come off Sir.

Ieffr. I can come on Sir.

Artl. Now Sir, 'tis yours.

T. W. This Sack shall then have my *Encomium*.
Which had the youthful Father ever tasted,
He would have left his rites to Poetize;
And chang'd his Yvy Chaplets into Bayes:
Unchain'd his spotted Linxes, and supply'd
His Chariots loftier course with *Pegasus*.
And with bewitching numbers charm'd the gods
To be his *Bacchanals*, that they might feast
With this most heavenly *Nectar*.

Enter D A S H E R.

Ierk. Mr. *Dasher*, your Wine is highly commended.

Dash. I can assure you Gentlemen, the Grape from
whence this Sacke was press'd—

T. W. Grew in *Spaine*.

Dash. I would have fetcht it farther Gentlemen to doe
you service. A voyage to the *Indies* should bee no more
then a descending into my cellar, and up agen.

Art. You have handsomely contracted your journey.

Ierk. But Mr. *Dasher*, you have an eminent House, ex-
traordinary Wine and entertainment; but no Signe at first
to distinguish it.

Ieffr. My thoughts Cousin, the Logger-heads was a
pretty conceit.

Ierk. Had there not beene a third.

Dash. Gentlemen, I intended a paire of Scales with a
glasse of Wine in one Ballance, and a piece of gold in the
other, or a jewell.

H

T. W.

COVENT-GARDEN.

T. Wor. An excellent concoit, to shew the value
good Wine.

Dash. Sweet Gentlemen, I am the servant of your no-
wits. I must kisse the faire hand of an honourable Lord
who is now departing: I will then returne to be disposed
by you. *Exit.*

The third Scene.

*Enter Sir GENAROUS, young WORTNEY by
the left Scene.*

T. Wor. Sir 'tis my father.

Sir Gen. Hal my sonne here; and Mr *Lerker*!
I came i'th' person of authoritie,
Invited by your noise. But that put off,
Out of my love borne to the generall good,
I doe advise you to be temperate:
That the faire hopes conceiv'd of growing vertues
Might not be lost. 'Tis pittie that your wits,
Which (joyn'd with some experience) might deserve
To fill the seats of Magistracie, and be
A speaking law) should spend themselves in places
And acts of sin and shame; wherein severitie
Of law and government must not be partiall.
Therefore I pray no more of these disorders.

T. Wor. Pray Sir, take nothing ill. 'Tis the necessity
Of his place: his disposition else is milder.

Lerk. Sir, we are Gentlemen; and by that priviledge
Though we submit to politique Government
In publique things may be our owne law-makers
In morall life. If we offend the law
The law may punish us; which onely strives
To take away excesse, not the necessity
Or use of what's indifferent, and is made
Or good or bad by 's use. We doe not drinke

To a distemper, and from thence derive
Th' original of mischiefs: nor is pleasure
Our law but temperance. Creation made
Every thing good, if we abuse it not.
Then good Sir, (though you find enormities
Amongst the rabble) bend so suspicious
Of our more carefull carriage, that are gentlemen.

Sir Gen. You have said to satisfaction:
And more then I expected. Harke you sonne.
(*Arr.* I did not think it had been so good an Oratour.)
Jerk. Why friend? because wanton familiaritie
Make's us less serious when we are alone,
Must it necessitate we cannot speake
In a high cause? *Cousin*, you must be carefull
Of your behaviour: you are before a Justice.

Jeffer. Why *Cousin*, have Justices power over a mans
will?

Jerk. Some busie ones have arrogated much;
But being told their owne have ever since
Given Gentlemen a due respect.

Jeffer. I'll make a tryall here. Please you a little
To put off this severer gravitie;
And drinke a glasse of Sack. Your age is Priviledge
In what the law of moderation,
Denies our hotter blood.

Sir Gen. Pretty sweet Gentleman. Is't possible
That one so young, should have so gray a wit;
'Tis wanting many times in graver beards.
Please you *Mr. Jerk*, to bring these Gentlemen to my
house to supper: You'll find some capric dishes.

Jerk. We know your table's plentifully furnish'd.

Sir Gen. This was very good Sacke, neighbour. Pray
send me home a dozen Bottles. And keepe good orders.

Dash. The best orders that can be kept in my house,
or any office of my house shall bee at your Worships ser-
vice.

H 2

*Jeffer.**Adm. Bil*

Jeffer. Fogh; that complement stinckes.

Sir Gen. You are very courteous neighbour. Will you goe along with me Gentlemen?

Artl. We are your servants.

Sir Gen. You shall now make trial of my professed love.

Ierk. The reckoning *Mr Dasher* (bladder and stymie)

Artl. Wee'l take the Barre in our way.

Goe forth by the left Scene.

Dasher. You'l doe mee honour to say it there. Ten thousand welcomes was upon you Gentlemen (whooh) Come sit at the *Merry* at neat table, and himbly see this disorder'd room in order. Then give the gentlemen below notice, that it is now ready to doe him service. Hee's like to be a honourfull guest. He talks of selling his Land, and being a Wit: but how can that agree together? yes, very well. A country Gentleman to sell his land, is as it were to change his copie: leave his knowne trade, project a better profit. Which changing of Copie here with us, ends many times. In the citie freehold at Ludgate.

The fourth Scene.

Enter DUNGWORTH, RALPH and DOBSON.

by the left Scene.

Dash. Worthy Sir, I have now made ready a roome to entertaine your worthy person. My house was so cramm'd with Lords, and this especially with most choyce gentlemen, some of the admired wits, to which very name I owe respect and service.

Ralph. 'Tis a fine Chamber, it shines like a Gold-smiths shop in Cheap-side.

Dung. I would much indeere mee to your kinde-ness to bring mee acquainted with some of those Wits: you say they keepe their rendezvous here many times. If I may

more

mold my selfe capable I should gladly add to their number. Indeed, I have had but Countrey breeding.

Dob. City bringing up forsooth.

Ralph. Yes; for we ridd like mad men.

Dob. Questionlesse, Sir, there are of the wits some mercenary ones, whom your money may command to be your servants. But these are of a nobler traine. Howsoever, I will upon the next occasion shew my desire to doe you service.

Dob. Prethee *Ralph*, what be those Wits? A familie?

Ralph. No *Dobson*, they be of all tribes. Some are Jewes, and some are Gentiles. Some are noble both in blood and condition, and some in neither. Some studie Arts of use, some of delight; some conceive well, but talke wickedly.

Dob. Those be the Women *Ralph*.

Ralph. No interruptions. Some breake jests; some breake pates; some breake Tailours; and some breake their fasts with Duke *Humphrey*.

Dob. A wise house-keeper belike.

Ralph. Some weare Plush that others pay for. Some love Sacke, and some love wenches. Few will dye of the Aldermans Gout, and some will never bee cur'd of their owne.

Dob. I understand thee *Ralph*. But how com'st thou to know all this?

Ralph. Tut man; I liv'd in *London* before now; was servant to one that convers't much with the wits, and kept an Academie of Musicke. I tell thee *Dobson*, I have pickt up more learning among the crummes of a broken bisket, after one of their meetings at a Taverne, then would make twenty Ballad-makers commence Poetasters; and with the over-plus indoctrinate ten Iustices Clerks, and an under-Sheriffe.

The fifth Scene.

Enter Mrs. TONGALL, and LITTLEWORD by the left Scene.

Dungw. Sweet Mistress, you are welcome to my expectation.

Tong. If my presumption to bring a worthy acquaintance along with me, seem's not unmanly.

Dungw. You rather expresse kindnesse to a stranger that desires worthy company.

Tong. Sweet Mr. *Dasher*, you are the best Woman Vintener that ever lov'd a Gossips tale. You have so many good things to pleasure a woman with. You were wont to have an excellent neat tongue.

Dash. Sweet Mrs. *Tongall*, my best tongue, and all is at your service.

Tong. Kind Master *Dasher*.

Dung. To your welcome Mistress.

Tong. My humbleness receives your favour thankfully. My service to you Mr. *Dasher*.

Dash. I kiss the hand of your servant.

Ralph. And make a leg. This Vintener sure hath had very mannerly breeding. he came not from the Bankers side, where the surly Watermen live.

Dash. Noble sir, I presume to present my desires to do you service.

Dob. This Gentleman hath lesse manners. He answers nothing.

Tong. My friend (Sir) though he be of few words, is a fine wit, and a great observer.

Dung. A Wit, Mistress; I shall be the prouder of his acquaintance. But when I am a Witt, I shall preferre my talking before my observation.

Tong. I thank you Mr *Little-word*.

Ralph.

Ralph. Mr. *Littlewood* and Mrs *Tongall*! very good.
Sure this woman had a French-man to her Father.

Tong. Indeed Mr. *Dasher*, 'tis excellent Sacke. If you were unmarried you should have my daughter *Linny*, for keeping such good Wine in your house.

Dash. I retribute all due thanks for your kindnesse, that you would doe me so great an honour

Ralph. Mistris, you said I should have your daughter,

Tong. My friends why so thou shalt. This Sacke makes my heart merry.

Ralph. Who then shall my Master have?

Tong. Why my Daughter *Linny*..

Ralph. A right woman: so her tongue goe, no matter what she sayes.

Dash. What will that Gentleman with his table-booke!

Dung. Let's have a health to some body.

Tong. Please you Sir, to my daughter *Linny*.

Dung. Let it goe round then.

Tongall. And hee that will not pledge it, shall not have her.

Dash. I hope we shall drinke now *Ralph*.

Ralph. Else we lose both our share of the Sack, and our hopes of her daughter *Linny*. *Em. Drawer.*

Dung. Some more Wine.

Dash. (Whooh) be nimble firrah; and bring of my kingdome (that's my word for good wine) that it may wait on these Gentlemen.

Tong. *William*, thou art an honest fellow; and if thou bringst us good wine, thou shalt have my daughter *Linny* from them all.

Dash. Sure this Gentleman write's what I speake. I hope 'twas not treason to say my Kingdome. I would I knew what he were.

Dung. The Vintener seem's troubled at this Gentleman's table-booke.

Tong. 'Tis his practise of observation. Hee is taking

a humour for a Play : perhaps my talking of my daughter Linny.

Dung. I'll hatch some mischief from it. Sir, you must not take it ill, if I tell you of your errors. You have spoke something rashly.

Dash. Kind and worthy Sir, my life is your servant for this noble care.

Dung. That silent Gentleman is an intelligencer, a spy. Hee'll inform against you. Therefore complie with him to prevent it. 'Tis his pollicie to say nothing himselfe, that his observation may be the more, and his own danger the lesse.

Dash. Sir, I owe your goodnesse all that ever I have beene, am, or shall be. He writes againe.

Tong. Now Mr. Little-word, you have some fine matter there to worke upon.

Dash. To undoe me Sir, I desire you will command all that is to bee commanded in my house to doe you service. Yes, yes; he writes againe.

Dung. That word command is a word of great danger, I would you had not us'd it.

Dash. Alas Sir, Mrs *Tongall*, 'twas not neighbourly done of you to bring an informer into my house.

Tong. How, I bring an Informer ! as I am a Matron, hee's a Gentleman, a wit, and a rare Projector.

Dash. I believe it, to undoe a poore Vintener, that cannot complement a Gentleman into a ten pounds expence; but his necke must be in danger. Sir, if I were a King I would be your servant. He writes againe.

Enter a Boy.

Dung. Bless me Sir, you have spoken treason.

Dash. Alas, Sir, I am undone then.

Boy. Master, the Constable and other officers are coming up.

Dash. Yes, yes; to apprehend me.

Ralph. 'Tis for us, *Dabson*.

Dung

Dung. The Constable! I hope wec are not suspected persons.

Tong. If I thought you were, you should never have my daughter Linny.

The sixth Scene.

Enter CONSTABLE and OFFICERS; by the left SCENE.

Const. By your leave Gentlemen.

Ralph. You are welcome Sir, and I pray be gone.

Const. But not without you Sir. You are suspected, and must answer——

Dung. Answer what? heere are neither Traitors nor Fellons.

Dash. I feare I shall be prov'd both.

Tong. No Sir, nor night-walkers that are taken up, and cast downe I have declar'd my selfe of as good carriage as any in the neighbour-hood; and my daughter Linny waits upon an honourable Ladie.

Dash. Mr. Constable, I am your servant, I hope you suspect no Traitors in my house. If you doe, they shall wair upon you into the Cellar; and there commit what treason you will against as good Sack as is in the King of Spaines Dominions. The Gentleman writes still. I am utterly lost.

Const. There are two suspected to be heere, that have broken the peace, and committed a robbery.

Dash. Denie it *Ralph.*

Ralph. I tell you Constable, there are none heere, but can breake the peace, as well as you that are a Constable.

Dung. They shall obey your authority, and in the Vinteners phraze wait upon you.

I

Dash.

Dash. I feare I must wait upon the Gallowes.

Dungw. Being my servants, I'll goe likewise along with you.

Dash. Yes, yes; a meere plot to goe along, that he may witnesse against me.

Dobs. Feare nothing *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen will not see us hang'd.

Ralph. But they may suffer us, and that's a word for hanging.

Dung. You seeme apprehensive of your owne danger. There's a reckoning to pay; if you but forgive it, I'll free you from this Gentlemans information.

Dash. Most gladly Sir, and bee your servant. But how shall I be sure of it?

Dung. You shall heare it from his owne mouth. You will not (Sir) informe any thing against this man. I pray say no.

Little. No.

Dash. I am satisfied: and will be your servant in any thing but treason.

Teng. But be sure you speake to Mistris *Dorothy*. No I'll along with you too, and perhaps speake a good word.

I have acquaintance with the Iustice, and his Clerke knows my daughter *Fanny*.

Dash. Let mee bee your servant Mr. Constable, and light you downe. I hope my house will receive no scandal by this.

Dung. 'Twas a beginning yet, and more may hit. Thus in th' abus'd sence cheating is cal'd wit.

See formerly the last Scene.

Act. 5: Scen. 1.

Enter SUSAN, by the middle SCENE.

SUSAN.

THanks honest *Nicholas*. 'Tis time to cover: my Lady will to supper so soone as my Master comes home. He brings strangers with him. This Butler is the kindest fellow to a Gentleman; and deserves my love more for this bottle of Sacke, then *Warrant* or *Spruce* for fighting. Come thou inspirer of a diviner soule, that teachest mysteries, of which without thee none are capable: to bee valiant; to love; to Poetise. I suffer a thirsty gentleman to delight her drye pallat with thy sweet moisture, and refresh her spirits with thy comfortable operation. (*Drinks*) Excellent Sack, as I am a Gentleman. Now am I in love with my old Master for buying it; with the Vintener for selling it; with the Drawer for drawing it; nay, with the very Porter that brought it home; but most of all with kinde *Nicholas* for bestowing it upon mee; good heart, hee hath ventur'd a chiding if it should be mist. (*Drinks.*) What foolish Poets were they that made the more foolish gods drinke *Nectar*! Had *Apollo* presented *Daphne* but with a cup of such Sack, shee would have lov'd him, as I doe *Nicholas*: but not to lye with him. A gentleman must not humble her selfe to a Butler. (*Drinks.*) My Ladie.

I am your humble servant.

I am your humble servant.

I am

The

*The second Scene.**Enter LADY, by the middle Scene.*

Lady What is't should make my Husbands jealousie
 Rage so within him to suspect the visits
 Of every friend ! Cannot my carefull carriage
 Kill his distrust, and make him confident
 Many a young Ladie that had such excuses
 As I may well pretend, his age, diseases,
 And all the cold defects are incident
 To a decaying strength, would privilege
 Her rather wills dispense with young desires.
 Such are in me ; but not to satisfaction :
 I must not wrong my fame : though my hot Bloud
 Should dance a lustfull measure. But hee's jealous ;
 And I must practise some strange cure upon it.
Secretary.

Susan. Madame.

Lady. Why doe you gaze upon me ?

Susan. I would not for th exchange your Ladiship were
 a man.

Lady. And why so ?

Susan. I should runne madd, for love of your Ladiship.

Lady. What humour have you got ? you have sure been
 tripling. Fie Secretary.

Susan. I hope your Ladiship hath a better opinion of
 your uman, then to be earnest because she jests.

Lady. You know Mr. Jerker ?

Susan. A very handsome gentleman. I wonder no won
 thy Gentleman is in love with him :

Lady. No Secretary ; what thinke you of me ?

Susan

Susan. Doth your Ladiship love him? truly and so doe I.

Lady. But not as I doe:
I could betray mine honour to his love;
And sell my fame for his more sweet embraces:
Give those delights which are my Husbands due
To his enjoying.

Susan. And will your Ladiship discover this to mee?
Truely I meane not to bee degraded from your Ladiships
uman, to hold the doore, and crye my Master's coming.

Lady. Thy employment shall be
When wee are closely set at dalliance
Blush not what ere thou seest; but call thy Master;
The service may be worth a new gowne.

Susan. How, call my Master? Did ever any Ladie en-
joy a friend in a corner, and with her Husband (who is
sufficiently jealous already) to see it? Now as I am a
Gentleman, and had rather bee a Ladie, 'tis not my
mind.

Lady. But 'tis mine;
His knowledge of't would add to the delight,
And make th'offence lesse. Citie Dames can practise
Sights to deceive their Husbands, mine shall know it.

Susan. But is your Ladiship earnest?

Lady. As earnest as resolves can make me.

Susan. But I am resolv'd not to obey your Ladiship.
Shall I that am my Ladies Secretary as it were, be treache-
rous to her secrets? Then let me not be counted a gentle-
uman. If it please your Ladiship Ile tell him you intend
such a thing that he may prevent it.

Lady. Dispute not my commands, but doe them:
Or I shall stop the current of my favours.
That hitherto have flow'd so fully on thee.

of but when I said that I was not the same

The third Scene.

*Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY, JEREMY,
ARTLOVE, T. WORTHY, SUSAN, JEFFREY,
by the middle SCENE.*

Sir Gen. I have brought you some guests Wife. Send
your entertainment be worth their labour.

Lady. I could wish it much better for Master Jeremys
sake.

Sir Gen. I feare you are too free that way.
I am yet a man, and my declining age
Hath not so weakened judgement in me,
That passion should betray my jealous thoughts.
Nor can I but suspect, and must be satisfied:
Her woman is the instrument. *Mrs. Susan.*

T. W. Pray Sir, let me prepare her. No more will I
In the severer Person of a counsellour
Instruct your care. But since by curious search
I have inform'd my knowledge
Even to satisfaction of his worth,
Let me commend this noble gentleman
Vnto your best desires: let him possess them.

Dora. Brother, without matine consideration
I dare not doe an act: on which depends
Such dangerous events.

T. W. My love's your warrant.
Have not I search'd him thoroughly? have not I
Found him deserving all that's due to man,
Though malice were his judge. View but his person,
Art could not shape a more exact proportion:
And through his Chrystal bosome read his heart
Wherein such noble thoughts are character'd—

Susan

Susan. You shall command a poore Gentleman any thing; neither doe I expect reward. I onely desire you will accept it as an act of my love. But why should you be jealous of my Lady.

Sir Gen. Aske me no idle questions, but doe it. Thou mayst bee a Lady thy selfe, if it lie in my power to raise thee.

Susan. Alas Sir, an old man raise a Gentleman.

Dorot. We have a father (Brother) to whose care We owe another dutie, then that onely Which Nature hath injoynd us for receiving Our beings from him. Let not our rash wills Sway'd onely by desire, run any course Agrees not with his liking: Yet I'll tell The Gentleman how much he owes your love For thus commending him.

Lady. How now Sir *Generous*? Courting my woman? am not I warme enough To thaw your frozen appetite?

Susan. Truly Sir, if my Lady knew how much I lov'd you, 'twould make her jealous.

Lady. Indeed it would not. Revenge should be a remedie.

Sir Gen. That's my feare.

Lady. Nay, to her againe; you are not the first That hath abus'd his Lady.

Sir Gen. Wife, forgoe these fond thoughts, and with care apply your selfe to entertain these gentlemen: I'll to my closet. *goes forth.*

Lady. I want but th' opportunity of their absence, Which I must straight contrive.

Artl. I am now animated To come the neereſt way without more circumstance; And tell you how your beauty and your vertues Have won on my desires to make them yours.

Dorot.

Dorot. I thanke you Sir, and could mine owne eyes
But halfe that worth my Brother sayes is in you,
My equall thoughts should answer.

T. W. What said she Sir?

Artl. It seemes you did commend me!

T. W. Yes by my hopes of good, no otherwise
Then I desire to have my selfe commended
Vpon the like occasion.

Artl. I must thanke you Sir.

T. W. I doe interpret it; and have thought upon
Another tryall. Let me intreat you Sister
To conster my intentions right. Though I
Commended him, 'twas onely to distinguish
Your passion and your reason. Now I find
The latter strongest, that you refuse the love
Of one so much defective.

Dorot. How! defective!
Brother, my judgement hath as searching eyes
Can see the fulnesse of his manly worth
Through all the vailes of your detraction.
And now to shew how much I doe prefer
The freedome of my will before your counsell;
I'll tell him I doe love him.

T. W. Sister, I hope
You are not earnest!

Dorot. As earnest as my love;
Which since I first beheld him tooke possession
Of all my thoughts, though customary nicenesse
Restrained me from discovering them; but now

Lady Pray daughter oversee the servants.

Exit Dorothy.

T. W. Mother beshrew your heart, she was in a good
veine. But come sir, wee'l pursue it.

Exeunt young Worthy, and Artlove.

Ieffr. It hath beene no small punishment for mee to
he

hold my peace all this while. My Cousin is morall before companie and counsell's my manners. But now I hope my tongue shall have libertie; and her's my Ladies gentleman to exercise it with.

La. Your little Cousin may stay. How like you the plot?

Ierk. As the end proves it. And since your constancie Hath held out 'gainst my leud temptations, Which have as well beene tryals of your vertues As acts of wantonnesse, I here desist. Henceforth my tongue shall never utter sound Offensive to your modestie.

Lady. Pray let's sit,
And enter on the project, though it benice
When wit masks vertue in a cloke of vice.

Susan. They are going to it, and heer's a little one will tell. Pray sir, can you keepe counsell?

Ieffr. As well as a woman.

Susan. Indeed they and children are kin.

Ieffr. You need not feare your secrets.

Susan. Then I shall love you heartily. But pray Sir, no meddling with a gentlemen's apron. Here's that will helpe your growth: please you to partake.

Ieffr. She abuseth me, I must fit her. What is't Mistris?

Susan. Sack I assure you Sir; and I hope you will love a poore gentlemen as she loves you.

Ieffr. If the Butler be not too deeply interested.

Lady. Secretarie.

Susan. Madame.

Lady. You forget your imployment.

Susan. I saw your Ladiship doe nothing yet.

Lady. Doe we not kisse!

Susan. I runne then, and dare not looke backe for feare of blushing.

Exit.

Ieffr. What strange contrivement's this?

K

The

The fourth Scene.

*Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY with SUSAN,
by the middle Scene.*

Lady. Nay, blush not Mr. *Ierker*, ours is no act of shame, but to be gloried in; youth to youth. Sir *Generous* are your horns so lop-heavy they make you hang by head. Never droop at it man. A Lord may bee a Cuckold and never the wiser: you have gotten the knowledge of what you did but suspect before.

Sir Gen. Out of my warring thoughts discretion Hath order'd a resolve, whose practice shall Preserve my credit. Though I much wonder A womans smooth hypocrisie should make Even her secret actions to appeare Most vertuous; yet in this to staine her whitenesse.

Lady. I did it Sir to cure your jealousie More then for satisfaction of desire, Which I have often satiated, when Your cold abilities were comforted With downe and silence; when your dreames presented The quiet of a grave.

Ierker. I did it Sir, In gratitude for your hospitality. Please you to take my counsell. Be divorc'd. You need no proofes, since shees her owne accuser. I'll then procure a dispensation And wee'll be marryed.

Sir Gen. 'Tis assented to. Nay more, I'll give you all her portion backe: Nor shall the least disquiet in my thoughts Make me remember it. Think not (young man) mine

So weake, but I can conquer passion;
My act shall instantly have confirmation;
And be a president where such inequality
Of yeares are joyn'd.

Lady. Pray good Sir *Generous stay.*
I have not yet consented; and I thinke
The Law cannot dispense whilst either live.
If you resolve divorce, you'l onely force me
To an unwilling widdow-hood; and how little
My innocence deserves, the least suspect,
Though I did faine a guilt for better ends,
Iust heaven can witness. There was no necessity
To tempt my woman to discover us.
It was my first command.

Sir Gen. I heare strange words
Which must be scann'd and construed;

Lerk. Here my sollicites cease. But I desire
I may remaine the servant of your vertues,
And weare your favours livery, whose example
Hath won on my resolves to reconcile
My wilder soule.

Lady. Whilst you persever in't,
I shall preserve you in my purest thoughts;
But never to infect them.

Sir Gen. The World reputes me
A man of full discretion; and mine age
Is not so rotten yet, to be twice childe.
Hence yee vaine jealousies, that in love diseas'd
Are peccant humours: therefore must be purg'd.
Come to my bosome patterne of true goodnesse,
Nere more those bug-bears to the minds blest quiet
Shall fright thee thence.

Lady. Then will my joyes be settled.

Sir Gen. Good Sir forgive
The rashnesse of my passion. I'll no more

Be jealous of your visits; but desire
The love I beare your person may be usefull
To all good ends.

The fifth Scene.

Enter T. WORTHY, ARTLOVE, DOROTHY, &c.

T. W. Nay, blush not Sister;
Though it be vertues colour. Say't agen.
Here are more witnessers.

Sir Gen. Whence growe's this exultation?

T. W. From inward joy that she affects this gentleman
Whose Vertues wonn
Vpon my love to be his Oratour;
And not respects infected with the mixture
Of any worse condition.

Sir Gen. Doe you love him?

Dorot. I hope to your kind judgement 'twill appeare
A vertuous truth.

Sir Gen. If he be found deserving
In the dependances on bloud and fortune
I shall consent, and then may mutuall love
Render you happy.

Artl. How am I blest that your white soule
Hath bounded it's desires within the circuit
Of my too narrow worth!

Sir Gen. Supper not ready yet! my servants are muni-
call; please you Gentlemen to dance a little. 'Tis a health-
full exercise; bid them prepare their instruments. Come
come, settle to it.

*Spruce and Warrant, enter
with Musicke.*

I love to see a nimble activenesse
In noble youth; it argues active minds
In well shap't bodies, and begets a joy
Dancing within me. *Dance.*

The sixth Scene.

Enter LITTLEVVORD, TONGALL, DVNGVVORTH,
CONSTABLE, RALPH and DOBSON, *by*
the middle Scene.

Sir. Gen. Welcome neighbour *Tongall*: what meane these people?

Const. I have brought them, an't please your Worshipp.

Sir Gener. Whom, and't please you, Master Constable.

Const. The theeves, and't please your Worship, that rob'd your worships Clerke.

Spruce. Now *Warrant*.

Warr. How! I rob'd! the Constable is surely drunke: I was not rob'd.

Const. How's that! did not you bring mee to the Taverne; shew mee the fellowes, and direct me to apprehend them? Did you not promise me a share if they might be brought to a composition?

Warr. Who? I? verily I say I know thee not.

Consta. How! not know the Constable! Come Mr. *Warrant*, let mee understand the mysterie without being farther abus'd. You forget the place where wee had recreation for nothing, onely promising the wenches favour upon occasion: against whom wee afterwards inform'd to get fees.

Sir Gener. Is't noe otherwise? it shall raise some mirth.

Dobs. Did not I tell thee *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen?

Ralph. Well, 'tis a rare thing to bee a Justice. Were I but swel'd with a little authoritie, mee thinks I could

crye, you Rogue, you Rascall, or you Constable, more gravely.

Dobson. And 'tis as rare a thing to bee a Constable; to command in the name of authority, and bee drunke at midnight, without danger of the stocks.

Sir Gen. I shall respect him. *Mrs. Fongall.* *Mr. Constable* I doe conceive an abuse done to my person, in that you here traduce two strangers, pretending appointment when none will accuse them; nor can I suddainly discover the error.

Constable. Now by all the painted authoritie of my staffe——

Sir Gen. No swearing. *Constable;* I have determin'd to conferre a power upon the accused, to judge both it and you; and the most offenders shall suffer what shall be due.

Consta. Whither shall I fall! from my Empire of command, to obey a mock-Constable! The danger of example forbid it, that Clownes and fooles be not made Justices in earnest.

Sir Gen. No more of this modestie: I'll have it for and exercise your wit. I have knowne a Countrey fellow full of knavish clinches.

Dobson. Yes Sir, 'tis ordinary in a Smith.

Ralph. Then if I fit you not for a Justice,

Dobson. And I for a Constable. You shall heare of me.

Const. And I for an offender.

Ralph. Can you write and read young gentleman?

Jeffr. Like a gentleman.

Ralph. Then you shall be my Worships Clerke. And so I assume authoritie. (hem, hem)

Spruce. Now shall we be jeer'd out of our skins.

Warr. Set a good face on't.

Ralph. (hem, hem,) what are you firrah?

Dobson.

Dobf. I am *Dobson*, the Constable and't please your Worship.

Const. Hee lies and't please your Worship, I am the Constable.

Ralph. You were the Constable; but your dignitie is justly taken from you, and conferr'd upon honest *John Dobson*. Thou hast beene a raskall firrah, a corrupt Constable. Thou hast convertt with deeds of darknesse, hating the all light, but wenches and a lanthorne: which a married Constable can never want at midnight. Thou hast watch't little and pray'd lesse; thou shalt therefore fast thy selfe into amendement. And so I commit thee with thy guard of Bill-men to the mercie of a Shrove-Tuesdayes rebellion. (hem, hem.)

Dobson. Here's an other refendant, and't please your Worship.

Ralph. Now Sir, what are you?

Warr. A Justices Clerke.

Ralph. Oh, I know you firrah. You write true Latine, not to be understood by the Worshipfull bench.

Warr. Your Worship is misinform'd. I cannot write true *Orthographie* without a Copie; and for Latine, I have lesse then the Deane of Dunstable. I have read *Ignoramus*: but finding hard words which were not in the Dictionary; I sweare I understand it no more then *Ignoramus* himselfe.

Ralph. Make his *Mittimus* and send him to schoole; (hem, hem,) what are you Sir?

Spruce. A Gentleman Vther.

Ralph. You are a Malkin of mock-Gentry, made up of filke and vaine-glory. You begin to grow out of fashion. I will therefore have you sticht into a case of complements, and commended to some thrifty house-keeping Ladie in the Countrey, where you may save her Ladiship the

the charge of a Taylour; and if you can read, serve for house-Chaplain in rainy weather. (hem, hem.) But that Country Gentleman before me.

Dung. You'l grow saucie firrah.

Sir Gene. Pray let's uphold the jest. I'll not spare my owne person. Your servant's witty.

Ralph. You are a Country Gentleman; a Gallant of fashion all the yeare; but especially at Sessions, upon high Holi-dayes, when your sattin doublet draw away the eyes of the simple, and distracts their devotion almost into Idolatry: giving it more worship then Heraulds ever gave your Auncestors. You intend to understand to come forth in a new Edition: and when the Mercers and Tailors have new printed you; and some gentile wit may be read in your Character to make a Wife in the City. You shall then have a passe sealed on her by a Courtier; be ship't at Cuckolds haven, so transported into Cornwall. (Hem, hem.) Now what are you? never a wise word to answer a question?

Tong. He is my friend Sir; and if you abuse him, you shall not have my daughter *Liddy*.

Ralph. There is a tempest in her tongue able to shake the foundation of the wisest Justice-Ship.

Dob. My Ladie Sir.

Ralph. Madame, I have heard complaints of your diship, that you rise early every morning before noon and are readie before night, unlesse there bee a mass Court. You are likewise a great frequenter of the bar, meerely out of charitie to the poore Fidlers.

Sir Gen. He hits you home Wife.

Jeffer. And this is my Ladies Gentlewoman.

Ralph. Stop your cares Gentlewomen, here's a business towards. But you may tell the man, the time and place, though not the manner.

Secre. Truly Sir, if I am with child, 'tis but with a bottle of Sack.

Ralph. Give it me ; I'll keepe it. Many a Justice in the City keeps children are none of his owne. (*Drinks.*)

Jerk. A right Sack Justice.

Ralph. And now for you Gentlemen. You are of the wits that give Poets Sack and old Bevers, and vent their conceits in Tavernes for your owne.

Ieffr. Please you Sir, these Gentlemen are my friends.

Ralph. How's that ! a Justice take bribes ! the example is too frequent, and I will have it mended.

Sir Gen. You begin now to overdoe.

Ralph. Bribes have purchas'd more then the whole race of Aldermen since *Luds* time.

Sir Gen. You are bitter now : 'tis time to resigne.

Ralph. 'Tis time indeed, when I will not take bribes to be a Justice *Quondam*.

Sir Gen. When Wit makes not abuse it's exercise,
The users of it then are truly wise :

But 'tis a foolish Vanitie, not Wit,

When Conscience bounds are broke to practise it.

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The



The EPILOGUE.

Y'Ave seene a Play, wherein was no disguise;
 No Wedding; no improbable devise:
 But all an easie matter, and contain'd
 Within the time of action. 'Tis arraign'd:
 And doubtfull stands before your judgements barre,
 Expecting what your severall censures are.
 Some that pretend commission to the Stage;
 As th'only Cato's of this Critick Age;
 Condemning all not done by imitation,
 Because this new Play hath a new foundation
 Wee feare will try it downe: our hope is then
 That your faire hands will raise it up agen.

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FINIS.

